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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	SCIENCE:	PAGE
THE VERSAILLES TREATY AND THE PRESENT STATE OF EUROPE (Lord Reading) ..	1		How to Tame Dragons (Gerald Heard) ..	25
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			ART:	
Russia Revisited (Dr. Stephen Duggan) ..	3		What I Like in Art—IV. Looking at a Blake Drawing (R. H. Wilenski) ..	30
Collective Security or Balance of Power? (Vernon Bartlett) ..	9		THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:	
Exploring in Tibet (Ronald Kaulback) ..	19		Music-Making and Music-Hearing—II (Harvey Grace) ..	33
SOCIOLOGY:			HEALTH:	
Time to Spare!—Voluntary Work by Ordinary People (The Master of Balliol) ..	7		Mind: Doctor or Patient? (A Doctor) ..	34
From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—XI. Trade Unionism in the Society of the Future (Harold Macmillan) ..	17		POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
The Web of Thought and Action—XII. The Web is Spun (Professor H. Levy) ..	23		Poison Gas—Economics in a Changing World—Heavy Water—Water-Finding— <i>Russia Reported</i> —Vitamins and Diet—The Voice of Philosophy ..	36
In Trouble—X. Is Punishment a Crime? (Dr. Hamblin Smith and Sir Arnold Wilson) ..	28		BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
THE LISTENER:			The Listener's Book Chronicle ..	39
Scientists as Guides ..	10		A New Life of the Kaiser (Philip Morrell) ..	41
Week by Week ..	10		New Short Stories (Edwin Muir) ..	42
Discussing Europe's Broadcasting Problems (Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale) ..	27		POEM:	
OUT OF DOORS:			The Ruin (Clifford Dymont) ..	18
Along the Roman Roads—VII. Hadrian's Wall (G. M. Boumphrey) ..	12		PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION ..	38
Then and Now at the Highland Show (Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot) ..	32		THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD ..	vii
			SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES ..	viii

## *The Treaty of Versailles and After—XI*

# The Treaty and the Present State of Europe

By LORD READING

IT is perhaps not a popular task at the present time to defend the Treaty of Versailles, but the passions, fears, and bewilderment in which it was conceived must be recalled when forming a judgment upon it.

The War had already generated those forces which, as we now know to our cost, have produced far-reaching and often disastrous economic and moral disturbances throughout the world. These could not be clearly foreseen in 1919, but even if they had, I doubt whether any man-made treaty could at that time have provided for or controlled world forces of this magnitude. However that may be, what is certainly true is that it was not the Treaty of Versailles—whatever its shortcomings may have been—that produced these disturbances. To think that this was the case—and it seems to be often thought—is to confound cause and effect.

### What France Hoped of the Treaty

From the interesting talk we had from M. Saurat as to how the Treaty of Versailles appears to France, you will have gathered that what France above all regrets are the imperfections of the Treaty, which she hoped was going to form the charter of a new public law for Europe. It was to have been inspired with high ideals of international solidarity so as to ensure peaceful co-operation between nations under the ægis of the League of Nations. It was thus that France hoped to attain to that national security which is her constant objective.

If, as we must recognise, these high ideals have not

materialised, is it not in part due to the fact that the great edifice was from the outset deprived of one of its essential pillars of support? The United States did not ratify the Treaty, and without their whole-hearted co-operation it was impossible to develop those ideals of world-wide co-operation and mutual support between one nation and another which had inspired President Wilson and his colleagues in 1919. From the moment that the United States withdrew her collaboration the whole balance of the Treaty was disturbed, and France failed to find in it, in its incomplete state, that provision for her own security which she had been led to expect. Great Britain, realising France's loss, tried, as far as she alone was able, to make good this deficiency, and her contribution took the form, a few years later, of the Treaty of Locarno, whereby she guarantees the integrity of French and Belgian soil against unprovoked aggression. More than this Great Britain could not do, for to have made promises which she might not have been able to perform when the time came would not have added one jot to the stability of Europe or the security of France. Indeed, such light-hearted action on our part might have added to existing uncertainties and suspicions. Am I not right in suggesting that our French friends are inclined somewhat to overlook the value of the serious and far-reaching undertaking given by Great Britain at Locarno when they complain that the withdrawal of the United States guarantee deprived them of the security which they had been promised at the Peace Conference? I was indeed surprised to notice



that Professor Saurat never even mentioned the Treaty of Locarno in his talk to you the other day.

Germany's view of the Treaty, as Baron von Rheinbaben has explained to you, is that, far from being an attempt to found a new order in Europe, it was merely a decision to impose humiliating restrictions on Germany's liberty of action, both at home and abroad. While recognising that it is perhaps natural that Germany should take this somewhat embittered view, I should like here to interpolate a remark on the vexed question as to whether the Treaty was justified or not in asserting that Germany was responsible for the War.

You have heard the distinguished German representative ask that what he called the false judgment of Versailles, which attributed the responsibility for the outbreak of war to Germany, should be revised. Personally, I do not think it profitable to pursue this controversy relating to the past. All that we are here concerned with is the fact that the overwhelming majority of the men and nations who deliberated in Paris in 1919 sincerely believed that the responsibility for the War was that of Germany. As their essential aim was the prevention of a new war, it was natural and logical that in these circumstances their first object should be to remedy the wrongs for which they believed German policy in the past to have been responsible and to remove from Germany the power to make aggressive war in any future which they could foresee.

#### Revision Has Taken Place

In comparing, therefore, the French and German points of view we may, I think, say that Germany's chief interest in the Treaty is to revise it; whereas France wishes to maintain it as intact as possible, as being the basis on which the international stability of Europe is founded. But even so, the divergence need not be irreconcilable. As Signor Mussolini has said, 'Treaties are sacred but not eternal', and it is a matter of history that as circumstances change, as new developments occur, and as fresh problems have to be faced, all treaties have been liable to and susceptible of some adaptation. Indeed—and this is what our German friends are apt to overlook—the process of revision has been going on ever since the Treaty was first made. Let me mention only three cases. The provisions for the trial of the Kaiser and the so-called War Criminals were never carried out as laid down in the Treaty. The Rhineland, occupied by Allied troops, was evacuated before the date fixed by the Treaty. And, above all, the whole chapter in the Treaty dealing with Reparations, after various attempts to modify it, has, to all intents and purposes, been cancelled. All these revisions have been effected by mutual consent; and this is a point I wish to stress particularly, for it is to my mind absolutely essential. What we cannot recognise is the right of any signatory of the Treaty to alter it by unilateral action or by a mere *ipse dixit* on its part. To concede this fundamental principle would undermine the whole public law of the civilised world, and the lawlessness which would ensue would, in the long run, do as much harm to Germany as to any other civilised nation.

And the process of revision has not yet been completed. For what has been the underlying object of the Disarmament Conference but the revision of yet another chapter of the Treaty, namely, that which imposes certain restrictions on Germany's armaments? But I am coming to this difficult question in a few moments.

There remain the territorial provisions of the Treaty—none of these calls for immediate treatment. Herr Hitler himself has declared that no territorial question subsists between France and Germany; that is to say, the question of Alsace-Lorraine is settled for good, and he has recently offered to conclude non-aggression pacts with all his neighbours. He has indeed done so, in a somewhat modified form, with Poland. This means that he does not in present circumstances wish to reopen the territorial settlement of any of these frontiers. The most debatable

of these frontiers is, of course, the frontier between Germany and Poland which deprived Germany of some territory inhabited by Poles, more particularly the famous Corridor, thus cutting Germany proper off from East Prussia. You will remember, however, that Herr Hitler decided last autumn by his agreement with Poland to put, so to speak, into cold storage for ten years this difficult question which has hitherto embittered relations between Germany and Poland.

#### Main Features of the Treaty

At this point I think it might be useful if we were to examine briefly the outstanding features of the Treaty, so as to have a better idea of what has been criticised by some and defended by others.

Let me recall first what the authors of the Treaty tried to do. It is easy today to forget that they met a few weeks after the conclusion of the greatest and most terrible war in history; and that their primary purpose was, in order to close definitely the war period, to draft a treaty with the least possible delay. A second essential purpose was to save humanity from a renewal of the horrors of war in the future.

The righting of the wrongs which the authors of the Treaty believed to have been done in the past by Germany to the principle of self-determination in Europe, was the reason why the Treaty provided for the return to France of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, torn from her by Germany in 1871. On the same principle Denmark, by the free vote of the population concerned, recovered the northern portion of the province of Slesvig taken from her by Prussia with Austrian help in 1864. Poland, too, regained such territory of Polish race and speech as had been inexcusably seized by the Kings of Prussia in the eighteenth century. Doubtful cases were left to the decision of plebiscites. Under this process some hardship, as Baron von Rheinbaben has reminded us, was inevitably inflicted on the German minorities, particularly in the transferred Polish regions. Yet, in fairness to the Versailles system, it is right to remember its attempt—the first in history—to provide international machinery for the protection of the German and Jewish minorities in Poland: a protection not imposed in regard to minorities in Germany.

#### Restrictions on German Armaments

The restrictions imposed upon Germany's armaments had, as Professor Toynbee has pointed out to you, a two-fold object. They aimed at the reduction of Germany's military power. But they had a second and most important object, the preparation of a general limitation of armaments. Other important clauses were those providing for the demilitarisation of the Rhineland; as well as one of the best-known articles in the Treaty, that which aimed at placing a limitation upon the most immediate field for Germany's territorial expansion, by providing that she should agree that the independence of Austria should be inalienable without the consent of the Council of the League of Nations. As Professor Toynbee has told you, the reduction of Germany's power was in part also the purpose of the obligation which the Treaty imposed upon Germany to surrender her colonies. Let us remember that those colonies were not annexed by other nations, but are administered by them under mandates from the League of Nations ensuring to Germans, as to other foreigners, equal rights with those of the subjects of the mandatory Power.

As, in the view of the authors of the Treaty, Germany was the party chiefly responsible for the War, it was not unnatural that they should ask her to pay to the limit of her capacity for certain categories of loss and damage inflicted by the War on the populations of the Powers who had suffered from Germany's aggression. In the light of subsequent experience, we can all agree that these reparation payments were uneconomic and prejudicial to the

(Continued on page 35)



# Russia Revisited

By STEPHEN DUGGAN

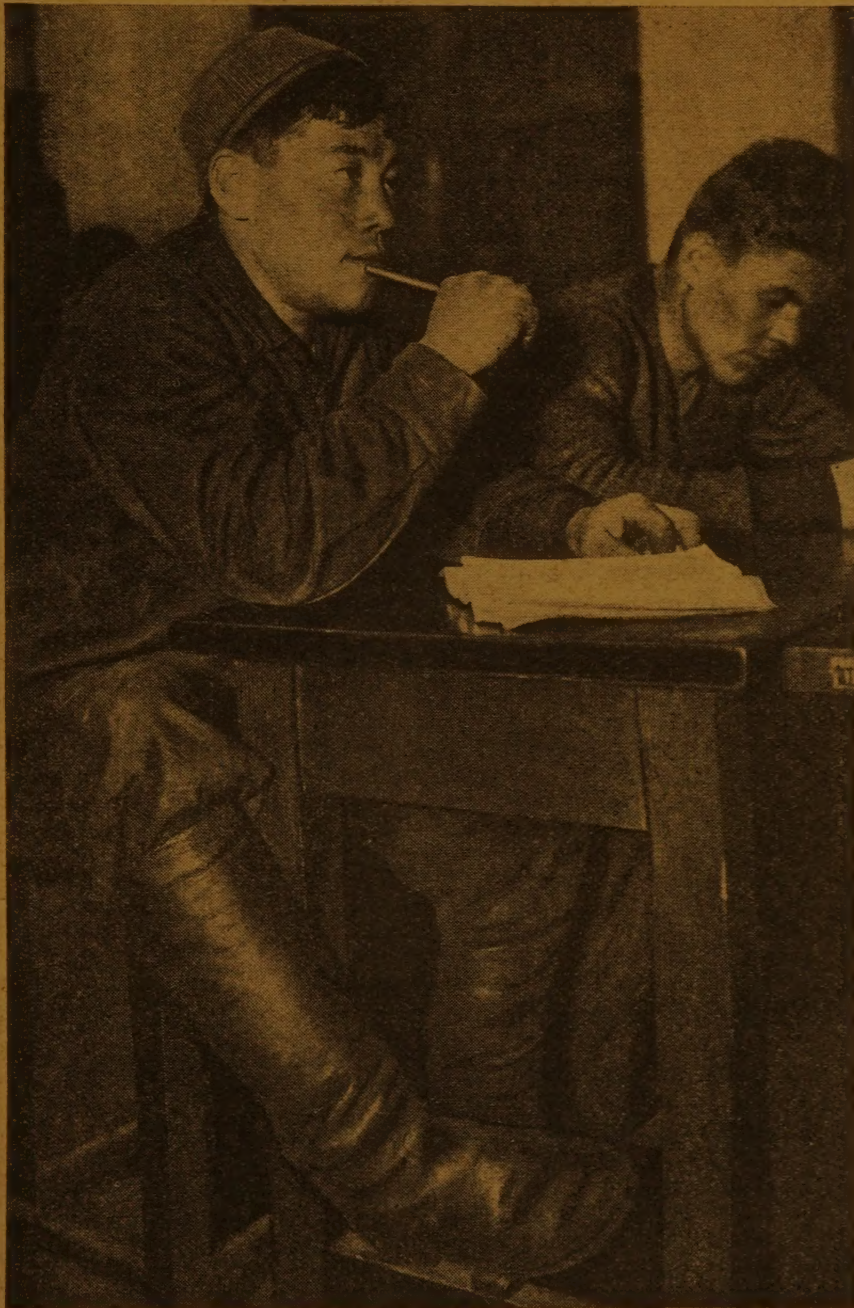
*Dr. Duggan, who is Lecturer in International Education at Columbia University, visited Russia in 1926, and has now just returned from a second visit*

**B**EFORE proceeding to my subject I feel I ought to emphasise the fact that Russia cannot be measured according to western standards: not materially, for its standard of living in almost every respect is low compared to ours; not spiritually, for

Russia has been shot through with the Asiatic attitude towards life, in which there has been a mixture of fatalism and mysticism, in which life has been held comparatively cheap, in which amazing hardship has been borne with little complaint, hardship that would have caused revolt in the West. Particularly is it true that the value of the individual as a person is simply not understood. If, therefore, one describes conditions in Russia that shock us and actions that repel us, the differences in historical evolution must not be forgotten.

As I walked about the streets of such cities as Moscow and Leningrad I was struck with the atmosphere of intense activity which prevails to-day as against 1926. Building is going on everywhere, building of factories, workmen's houses, and such enterprises as the new underground in Moscow. Moreover, whereas in 1926 Moscow and Leningrad were largely paved with cobblestones, today they are to a great extent asphalted. The number of workmen's houses that have been built is astonishing, and they are great improvements over the old ones. But as Moscow had less than 2,000,000 people at the time of the Revolution and now has nearly 4,000,000, the congestion is still very great. A person who has a room to himself and a family that has two are lucky. The number of factories that have arisen since 1926 is very large, and, to a layman, they are apparently provided with the latest machinery.

Attached to most factories are technical schools for the training of factory workers and also crèches in which mothers place their infants while at work, for, as in bourgeois countries, women work in factories as well as men. In the crèches I visited the infants were well cared for.



Young Communists at study in a former monastic building in Moscow  
*From 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'*

Whatever may be thought of the machine age in the West, the machine is the god of present-day Russia. It is the instrument by means of which the Soviets hope to realise one of their objectives, namely, to make Russia as nearly as possible a self-supporting state. Not only have they borrowed from the bourgeois countries the most recent types of all kinds of machinery, but also practices in factory organisation, such as piece-work, overtime, and bonuses for unusual accomplishment, all of which they scorned a decade ago. The average wage for a factory worker is small, barely sufficient to support the people upon the low standard of living to which they are accustomed. The more intelligent and able can live better with the aid of their higher wages. What I have said about wages is also true of hours of work. The work-day is legally seven hours a day, and the week, one of five days. But that

is ignored, especially when time is pressing. In some instances I came across cases where men, and women also, had worked very long hours. Then there is the *Subotnik*. *Subotnik* means literally 'sabbath,' but the technical meaning today is voluntary labour on the rest-day, the sixth day. All good comrades are supposed to devote part of their free day to voluntary work. In the case of the enthusiastic young Communist this is a fact, and it was really an inspiring sight to see groups of them marching in the pouring rain to some factory, or public work, sing-



ing lustily. But human nature in Russia is like human nature everywhere else. Most people there would be only too glad to enjoy their rest-day undisturbed, and it is unquestionably true that they perform their *Subotniks* largely because of social coercion.

It is upon the peasantry that the weight of the new regime falls. They support the proletariat, and the bureaucracy; and in hard times they suffer most. In the winter of 1932-33 famine raged in the Ukraine and the Kuban. The person within Russia whose word I have always relied upon most put the number of deaths at four millions. Of course the people in the cities suffered also, the *déclassés*, the bourgeois, most. There is a saying in Russia that the proletariat eats, the bourgeois starves. In time of stress that is certainly true. Since my visit in 1926 the farms have been collectivised, the individual plots of the peasants abolished, and farming, organised as a large-scale industry. To what extent productivity has been increased it is difficult to say. Only now has the total crop equalled that of 1913. But unquestionably, except in times of famine, the peasant is eating more. Whether he is more satisfied is a question, opinions on the part of experienced observers varying greatly. Many Communists would go farther than mere collectivisation. They would thoroughly communise the peasantry, compelling them to live in barracks with common kitchens, dining-rooms, etc. While I was in Russia, however, Stalin made a strong pronouncement against this, insisting that the peasant keep his own house, with its plot of ground around it and with his chickens and pigs as his personal property. This pronouncement will probably end any movement in the direction of a more extreme form of Communism. As far as my enquiries among non-Communists went, the general impression seemed to be that though there was great dissatisfaction expressed by the peasants, when asked directly whether they preferred a return to the old regime the answer was generally in the negative.

Russia is certainly now almost exclusively a land of workers and peasants. As one walks the streets of the cities one may see some strong faces but few that might be called refined. Moreover, except among the young, the faces looked sadder and more anxious than in 1926. It is difficult to overestimate the effect upon the people of the tempo of the Five Year Plan. For all that time they were keyed up to the highest pitch of work and expectancy. And their hopes have not been realised. The promises of the Government have not been fulfilled, not because they were insincerely made but because they were the results rather of hope than experience.

Though more stores are open than in 1926, and are much better stocked, the Russians still present a pretty drab appearance from the standpoint of dress. Practically no Russian man or woman wears a hat. Men wear caps; women berets. To be well-dressed means that one is a foreigner. In 1926 it was *comme il faut* to disdain to be well dressed. The good Communist then looked upon good dress as bourgeois and most of the rest of the people had none to put on. But today even Communists like bourgeois dress. At the opera and theatre, filled almost exclusively by proletarians, silk stockings of inferior quality, an incongruous array of coloured shawls and shirtwaists, and necklaces of a great variety, gave evidence that the extra money made by piece-work and overtime was used by many women for personal adornment. Even many men try to make a better appearance in dress.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the spiritual transformation that has taken place in Russia since the Revolution. The old culture in practically every aspect was scrapped and a deliberate effort made to produce a new man. The movement since 1926 has slowed down. In some respects there has been even a reversion to old types. But nowhere is the objective lost sight of, or the determination to realise it at any cost—namely, a classless society in which there will be no exploitation of men. To attain that objective any necessary measure will still be employed and ruthlessly employed. Property rights have been abolished, millions of men have been exiled, and thousands put to death. And, if necessary, that process will continue.

In no sphere have there been greater changes than in education. Even as late as 1926 propaganda played havoc with discipline and instruction. It was discovered, particularly after the introduction of the Five Year Plan, that the technicians graduated from the schools did not know their job. The result has been a great change in the entire educational system. Since 1926 ill-considered experiments in elementary education have been discarded.



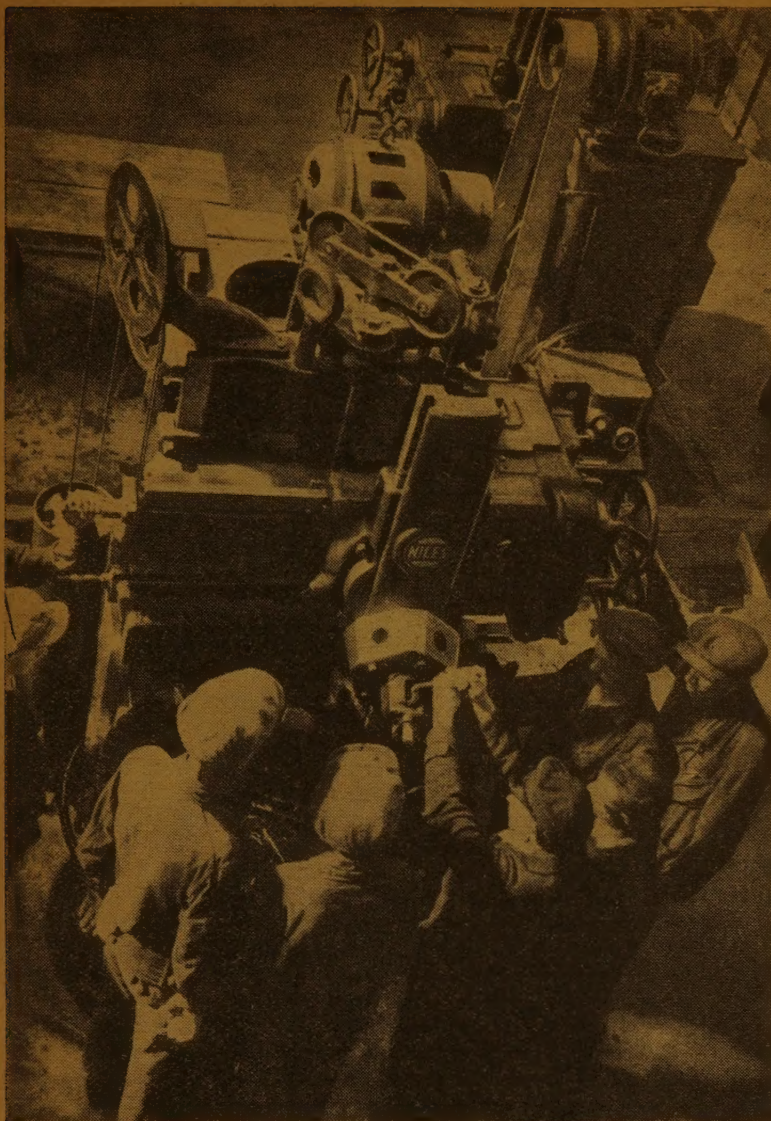
Scene from a Soviet production of 'Twelfth Night'

The Dalton Plan has gone the way of the Dewey principles and of other schemes, and the Russians have stabilised their elementary education according to their own ideas. All children are taught the same things; boys are taught sewing, and girls manual training. The teacher has had his authority restored, and except for a greater freedom in discipline, a visitor to a Russian school would see little difference in methods from those of the West. While I was in Russia this spring, Stalin gave the *coup de grace* to

propaganda in the elementary school by opposing the teaching of Marxism in the first four years on the plea that the children were not old enough to understand it! A rather long-delayed decision.

I have already stated that today the machine is the god of the Russians. This is reflected in their educational system. From beginning to end, but particularly in secondary and higher education, applied science and technical subjects almost monopolise attention. The humanistic subjects occupy a very inferior place. Education, of course, is free, and students receive stipends from the Government in addition to board and lodging in dormitories. But many must also work, for family and other reasons, and these are obviously overworked, as are some students in the West. There is no university in our sense of the term; that disappeared in the Revolution. The First Moscow University consists of a group of Institutes, chiefly of a scientific and technical character. For the first time, certainly since 1926, history will be brought into the University this autumn. Not all Institutes are in or part of the University; for example, the Institute of Law is not. Some of these Institutes are doing remarkable work. Probably nowhere in the world are more fruitful studies being made in Anthropology than under the Institute of Anthropology in the distant parts of the U.S.S.R. And everybody in the academic world is familiar with the fine work done by Pavlov at the Institute of Psychology in Leningrad. Nevertheless, despite the excellent work done in a few of the fields of science and the undoubted scholarship of some of the professors, I do not believe that higher education, even in science, can be compared to that in the West. Nor do I believe that advanced research students can do profitable work in Russia except, as mentioned before, in a few fields of research. Of course, in the humanistic branches,





The mechanical department (the largest in the Soviet Union) in the steel foundry at Uralsmashstro

which have been subordinated anyhow—history, economics, politics, sociology and philosophy—it is only worth while to go to Russia in order to find out how the material of these subjects can be used to justify Marxian dialectics.

In no field of culture has the attitude changed more since 1926 than in religion. That is not due to any lessening in the antagonism towards religion or in the favouring of atheism, but to the abatement of fear of the Church. The Church was regarded as the greatest bulwark of the old regime and was to be harried out of existence. At first the sectaries, particularly the Baptists, were favoured as competitors of the Orthodox Church, but when it was found that the peasants were flocking to the sectaries, and especially were being taught such bourgeois virtues as individual thrift, they were as bitterly opposed as was the Orthodox Church. The results of ten years of persecution are now evident. Moscow was formerly known as the city of forty times forty churches. Today there are one hundred and forty-six left and fifty of these have been turned into museums and headquarters for Komsomols (young Communists). But the flaring sign that I saw in Red Square in 1926, 'Religion is the opiate of the people', has disappeared. So have the disgusting anti-religious posters with which the city was plastered, and the Anti-Religious

Museum, instead of being the site of merely ridiculous propaganda, has been turned into a really scientific study of the evolution of religion.

To what extent religion has disappeared from the lives of the mass of the people is a question that only time can answer. Every instrument of propaganda has been employed to discredit it. On the stage, from the platform, in the school, the priest and the nun are still the butt of ridicule. Seventeen years of such propaganda has unquestionably had its influence upon the youth of the country.

In the field of art also great changes have taken place since 1926. The traditions of excellence of the old regime still govern the stage. There is no theatre, opera or ballet in the West to compare in excellence and magnificence with the Russian. The most insignificant part in a drama is played by a real artist. The staging, the equipment, the lighting are wonderful. In 1926 most of the plays were purely Communistic propaganda, excellently staged and performed, but made to order. That could not keep up for ever and there has been a steady drift towards other subjects for plays, and towards the older dramas like 'The Cherry Orchard', which was performed during my visit. The best of the propaganda plays, like 'Red Bread' and 'Fear', continue to be performed, and that they still have their effect was evident by the thunderous applause that always greeted the success of the Communist hero. The rapt attention given by the proletarian audiences, not only at the theatre but at such operas as 'Prince Igor' and 'Lohengrin', would put to shame audiences in the West. What has been said of the drama is equally true of the novel and the poem. In 1926, Rapp, the official organisation whose approval was needed in order to secure a hearing for a new book, was practically in absolute control. The result was a literature that became so stereotyped that no one read it. Two years ago Rapp was disbanded and a literature more true to life is in process of evolution.

In one field of spiritual life, namely, intellectual



Meeting of the Soviet Academy of Science

Illustrations from 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'



freedom, there has been no change since 1926. There is no freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, of teaching. To the casual visitor this may sound strange, for there is an astonishing amount of criticism in the press of Government departments and officials. Moreover, in the local Soviets the objections and grumblings of the peasants receive a good deal of open expression. These are conveyed to Moscow by the representative of the Government (always a party member), which in this way is kept informed of the feeling of the peasantry. But all this criticism is within certain definite limits. Criticism of Communism or of the Soviet regime is regarded as counter-revolutionary. Whereas ten years, imprisonment is the maximum penalty for any other crime including murder, death is the penalty for counter-revolution. Hence it seldom raises its head.

The result of this censorship, as of censorship everywhere, is that the mass of people, even intelligent Russians, are ignorant of the true interpretation of what is taking place outside of Russia. They are kept well informed by the press, but with the facts presented in such a way that there can only be the one conclusion, namely, the superiority of the Communist

munists and foreigners resident in Russia with whom I talked, was that it will be only deferred for a year, or at most two. This was because of the danger of incidents that might bring about conflict, but particularly because of the growing belief in Japan that the conflict is inevitable anyhow and that every year's delay means added advantage to the Russians. The Russians are convinced that if war comes it will be a fight to the finish, that either Russia or Japan will be thoroughly defeated.

If Japan fears an unfriendly China on her flank in case of war with Russia, Russia has felt herself even more vulnerable on her western frontier. To be compelled to divide her forces to face an enemy in the West at the same time that she had to fight Japan in the East, might mean defeat, would certainly mean indefinite postponement of socialisation within Russia. Hence the effort since the beginning of the Five Year Plan to safeguard herself in the West by non-aggression agreements with her neighbours of a most explicit nature, including the definition of the aggressor. Until the rise of Hitler, Russia was the strongest advocate of disarmament and of the release of the defeated nations from the shackles of the Versailles Treaty.

From the date of the Rapallo Treaty she regarded Germany as her one friend among the great Powers, and was loud in her denunciation of the imperialistic victors of Versailles. Hitler's success in a campaign based upon the communistic peril changed all that. Formerly the Soviets appealed to the Russian people for support on the ground that the capitalist nations were determined to intervene to prevent the success of the first workers' republic. Today that appeal is concentrated against Germany. The Soviets are convinced that Germany is today their greatest enemy in Europe; that Germany is determined to dismember her and to detach the Ukraine, which has a great deal of local patriotism and is of doubtful loyalty to the U.S.S.R.

Hence the complete re-orientation of Soviet foreign policy towards co-operation with France and her allies of the Little Entente, whom she regarded as her worst enemies a decade ago. The Soviet leaders are realists. They have decided that disarmament is a failure. From being the strongest supporters at Geneva of British advocacy of disarmament, they have made a complete right-about to strong support of

French advocacy of security. To them disarmament spells German re-armament, and a re-armed Germany the Soviets now regard as as great a menace to them as to France. Despite their extreme denunciations in the past of the imperialistic system of alliances, the pacts of mutual assistance that M. Litvinoff is attempting to develop are little less than the same thing under another name. But in case of war with Japan, a French alliance would in all probability immobilise an enemy in the West. In 1917 the Soviets announced that they had broken completely with the diplomacy of the past. Today they are leaders in that same diplomacy.

My observations and experience this spring lead me to the conclusion that once more history is repeating itself. We have witnessed a tremendous upheaval in human affairs, in which old traditions, old values, old attitudes towards life were all thrown into the discard. Only seventeen years have passed and already some of the fundamentals according to which men must live in order to survive, together with some of the evils resulting from the weaknesses of human nature, are slowly regaining their place in Russia. In industry, in education, in administration, in diplomacy, discarded practices are being resumed. Many evils have been extirpated, and certainly some benefits have been destroyed. Communist Russia is slowly receding from extremism, but it will never again be anything like what it was before the Revolution. Neither will the capitalist West, for Russia has given an impetus to State control that is being felt in every corner of the globe.

I do not want to give the idea that the Russian Communists have relinquished their objectives. Where they have yielded it has been from necessity, not desire. If the world revolution has a minor place in their programme today, it is not only



Russian women studying mechanics to fit themselves to become skilled factory workers

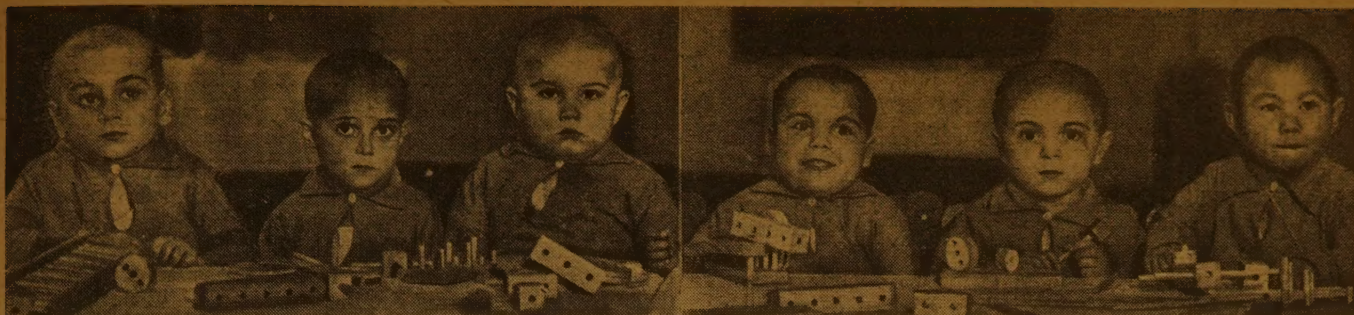
regime. This has led to a real and widely spread belief in their superiority by most Russians.

I have stated that the Soviets are in a hurry to realise their objectives. This has had a profound influence upon their foreign policy. In 1926 a great struggle was going on within the Party between the Trotsky faction and that of Stalin. Trotsky insisted that the primary aim of the Soviets should be the world revolution and that it was impossible to build a socialist state in a sea of capitalist states. The Communist Party convention decided in favour of Stalin's views, and Trotsky, who engaged in subterranean propaganda, was exiled. It was decided to begin in 1928 an intensive scheme of industrialisation under the Five Year Plan. For its success peace with the outside world was essential.

Peace has dominated the foreign policy of the Soviets ever since. In the meantime they have feverishly devoted themselves to strengthening the army in every branch of the service. But they wish to avoid war chiefly because war would be a terrible calamity in deferring the realisation of their plan of socialisation. Neither do the Japanese want war now. They are thoroughly aware that war against an army with the equipment and morale of the Red army today would be a very different thing from war against the inefficient Russian army of 1905, which nevertheless brought them to the verge of exhaustion. They are also aware that their successes in Manchuria and China have been against Chinese bandits or Chinese armies whose commanders could be bribed. The realisation of this by the Japanese may explain the enormous increase in their military budget for the coming year.

Despite the attitude of the two countries in wishing to avoid war now, the opinion this spring, both among Com-





Foundlings who are being cared for at the OGPU Children's Home

*Illustrations from 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'*

because they found it does not pay, but also because they have convinced themselves that as capitalist society is in process of decay, they have but to wait to realise their aims.

They are entrenched in power. The Party numbers 3,000,000 today, and though undoubtedly some self-seekers are found in it, the party-worker's enthusiasm, determination, and ruthlessness are maintained by the difficulty now experienced in becoming a member, by the strict discipline enforced, and by the periodic purging that takes place to get rid of slackers. Not only the men at the top, but the leaders below in the ranks are sincere and devoted. They are all overworked. They are all trying to do too much in too short a time. The result is a great deal of inefficiency in administration. Promises are not kept, commitments are not honoured, delays are interminable. But I believe these faults are not due to insincerity in promising, but to attempting more than is humanly possible. Moreover, they have still the faith of religious fanatics.

It seemed to me that a new governing class was in process of development, namely, the bureaucracy. Despite the fact that Communist politicians, like politicians everywhere, were sometimes rewarded with office, administrators appeared to me to be men of ability. As such they and their families live better; their children go to the higher schools, and inevitably opportunities will be found to place those children in positions of responsibility and authority. But all that is a matter of time.

A classless society in which there will be no exploitation of mankind is a splendid objective. One can only hope it may be realised. The little progress towards that goal that has been made in Russia so far, has been made at terrible cost in human life, human suffering, and human freedom. And one thing we can be assured of, the methods used in Russia to bring about a great social reform would be hopeless in this country. They could be used with a debased and illiterate peasantry. They cannot be used with an intelligent and liberty-loving people.

*Time to Spare!*

## Voluntary Work by Ordinary People

BY THE MASTER OF BALLIOL

**I** THINK that the best summing up of these talks by unemployed men and women would have been that Mr. Mais' talk introducing the series should have been repeated, for what he had to say was addressed to each one of us—not to the Government, not to any political party, not to any agency or organisation which we pay to discharge for us our obligation to our neighbours, but to all ordinary men and women in the country. His conviction was, as it is mine, that, over and above all that Government and other organisations can possibly do, there is something quite indispensable which only individuals like you and me can do. The Minister of Labour made the same point in a recent speech. The purpose of these talks was to rouse *our* imaginations, to make *us* realise what unemployment means, to stir *us* all up to go and give personal help, at once when we can.

Mr. Mais' talk was in fact a very eloquent sermon addressed to each one of us, recalling us to our personal responsibilities. Unfortunately we have long ago adopted means of making ourselves immune to the effects of sermons. One means is to dwell exclusively on any exaggeration into which the preacher in his eloquence may have been betrayed. Another I can best describe in the words of a Scottish critic of sermons. 'If the sermon is a good sermon', said the critic, 'ye say to yourself "That's a shrewd blow to *him*", or "I hope *she's* taking a note of that!" And so some of us might have said, 'Come, Mr. Mais, you exaggerate, "doing nothing" is a bit strong. Are we not all with comparative cheerfulness paying large sums in rates and taxes to help the unemployed? We are doing quite a lot, all of us'. And, having thus successfully adopted one way of shuffling off our responsibilities, we might have gone on to adopt the other also, and said, 'If things are still as bad as these talks make out, it shows that our chosen officials, in the central and local governments, are not doing their work properly, and we can agree with you that that's a shrewd blow to them'—and so we should shuffle off Mr. Mais' indignation with *us* and turn it into indignation with the Government.

Now you have probably seen in the papers that what I

imagined as happening has happened. Instead of considering what we each personally could do, we have been blaming others. But there is one aspect of the controversy which has arisen which is relevant to the original purpose of these talks—namely, to remind us what you and I can personally do to help, and I propose to say something about that.

### What Is—and What is Intended

I am quite sure that if you sifted the whole matter to the bottom, you would still find a discrepancy between what Government or organisations intend and mean to happen and what *is* happening to some men and women. Take the difference, for example, revealed in these talks between the experience of Mr. Bentley and of the unemployed major who gave last week's talk. The unemployed major eventually found the place meant for him: Mr. Bentley apparently never did. The right means of help were there in London for both of them. There's no question about that. But the fitting of person to means of help came off in one instance and not in the other. Or take a much more serious discrepancy revealed in two of the earlier talks. The two Evans families had clearly not got enough to spend on food to keep them in decent health. If you talk to the men and women who are helping in occupational centres in distressed areas, you will be told that they know many families in that condition. These are mostly families where the men and women are on transitional payments, and, as you might conjecture, all those unemployed men and women who have been talking to us belong to this tragic class of those who have been suffering from prolonged unemployment. That means that they have been so long out of work that their own resources are exhausted. That is the one side of the question—what is actually happening to individual men and women. Now listen to these extracts from notes on the Poor Law, which lay down what it is officially intended should happen:

It is the duty of Public Assistance Authorities who are now the County Councils and the County Borough Councils to relieve destitution in their areas. Relief must be given according to necessity. On the one hand it must be realised that it is provided



out of rates and taxes and should not be more than is needed. On the other hand it must be sufficient to meet the necessities of the person relieved, and necessities may include not only food, shelter, clothing and the like, but also such services as medical attendance. The Public Assistance Authority is not debarred from granting relief to a man who is receiving Unemployment Insurance benefit or transitional payments if those resources are not sufficient for his support and for that of those dependent upon him.

Why are these pictures of what is, and of what is intended, so different? My own experience is that there is always a gap between what administration is trying to effect and what actually happens, unless there is any amount of voluntary liaison work of the right kind done by independent helpers. But there are special reasons for this discrepancy in helping those of us who are unemployed.

### Strains on the Official Machinery

In the first place, any government machinery which is administered by Local Authorities will be administered in different ways by different authorities, and that is particularly true of the administration of the Means Test. The new Bill transfers the administration of the Means Test from a large number of Public Assistance Authorities acting independently of each other, to a Central Board administering in accordance with Regulations approved by Parliament. That ought to do much to cure that particular weakness in administration.

In the second place, the Public Assistance Authorities were intended and are normally used to deal with what I may call casual destitution, not with this wholesale misfortune of unemployment which has come on vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen through no fault of their own. An organisation meant to deal with casual destitution has quite naturally evolved methods and safeguards which are not in the least fitted to the man who has been rightly proud of his honourable work and his place in the community. That again is a fault in machinery. The machinery provided in the new Bill is meant to remedy that defect.

Remember, too, that an unemployment figure of 2,000,000 means rather less than half-a-million unemployed for twelve months or more, and a very large number of persons who are out of work for a comparatively short time. The machinery of unemployment insurance was originally intended to deal with short-term unemployment. It does deal adequately enough with that, but it is strained when it has to deal with the much more tragic misfortune of long-term unemployment.

### 'Individuals Won't Fit Into Rules'

Our machinery for dealing with unemployment, then, is only gradually being adapted to its job; but even had we the best machinery possible, there would still remain a discrepancy between what is meant to happen and what does happen. The reasons for that are partly that machinery has to work by rules and individuals won't fit into rules (if, as people say, hard cases make bad law, I suppose that implies that good law implies hard cases); partly that many men who have been unemployed for a long time have lost their Trade Union membership and have often no one to represent them or put their case, as they have when they are in work and in full membership of a Union; but mainly that the way you are treated when you are out of work, and especially the experience of vainly seeking work, makes you feel that every man's hand is against you and that no one wants you and that everyone resents your existence. That state of mind naturally makes men suspicious and alarmed. You could see signs of that in what Mr. Divers told us of his views about instructional centres before he had gone to them. Put these three things together—the difficulty of fitting general rules to individual cases, the fact that many men after long unemployment lose their Trade Union membership and become isolated, unrepresented, units, and the suspicion and disillusionment caused by the position of the unemployed man; remember that the finer a man is and the more he has of honourable pride, the more he hates availing himself of public help; and you will understand how much more than what public administration can do is needed if administration is to effect its purposes. Let me say exactly what I mean by that. For all sorts of reasons, because of an honourable pride, more often from ignorance of where to get help or how to get it, quite often because of suspicion and alarm which are no less real because they are ill-founded, men do not get the help which the administration is ready to give them. It is no use, of course,

supposing that any administration in this world is perfect and doesn't make mistakes. But even if it were perfect, it couldn't overcome those particular difficulties. In the nature of the case only unofficial persons can do that. And that is where ordinary unofficial people can help. If we are disinterested enough and plain enough—in the north-country sense of the term in which it is the highest compliment to be called a plain woman—distinctive and plain enough to deserve the honest friendship of unemployed men and women, we can do a great service by taking the pains to understand, and if need be to state to officials and others individual cases. If enough of us will do that, we shall gradually acquire a mass of intimate personal knowledge which, when put together with the necessary technical knowledge which the administrators are acquiring, will enable us all to understand, as we do not now, the way in which this baffling problem is to find a solution.

### Voluntary Action All Over the Country

I want to conclude by saying how grateful I am to the B.B.C. for what they have done in arranging these talks. It was, I think, a great public service. The principle of democratic government is that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches, and though we may sometimes resent the fact that the shoes on which we have honestly worked so hard are still pinching people's toes, and though the remonstrances which people make when their shoes are pinching them very hard are not always expressed as we who make the shoes would like them to be expressed, nevertheless this direct knowledge of how individuals are actually faring is of enormous value to all of us who are responsible in any way for the laws and administration of this country. That, however, though a great, is an incidental, benefit of such talks. My gratitude for them can best be explained by a little history. In the talk on May 30 Mr. O'Neill told us about the work of the People's Service Club at Lincoln, and if you heard it you will agree that that Club had done an immense deal to dispel what Mr. O'Neill called 'the curse of all the days that have somehow got to be spent'. I have known the work of the People's Service Club for about seven years. While I rejoiced in it, I wondered how its principles were going to be applied widely enough to deal with the evils of long-continued unemployment all over the country. For it was quite clear that the secret of the success of the People's Service Club was that it was voluntary and small. If we supposed that we had even to deal with long-term unemployment only, and if that is to be reckoned as anything over a year, then we should have to have at least two thousand of these clubs. That was much too small an estimate, as the evil effects of long-continued unemployment begin long before a year has elapsed; but it was a sufficiently baffling problem. It meant inducing groups of people all over the country to take independent action. It meant surmounting all those obstacles in our society which make it so hard for us to realise how fellow countrymen and women beyond our immediate circle are really faring: it meant making the comparatively prosperous South of England realise the distressed areas. A large efficient administrative machine would have been perfectly hopeless. We had to induce voluntary action all over the country without organising. We haven't yet solved our problem. But that we have got a movement so large, which still remains voluntary and experimental and full of life and not dominated by any organisation, is a wonderful thing. All sorts of people have helped, from the Prince of Wales down. But the kind of public appeal which these B.B.C. talks make has been of invaluable assistance.

And now let us remember that our job is less than half done, that, though trade is improving, the distressed areas are still there, and there is some long-continued unemployment almost everywhere, and if these talks by unemployed men have at all stirred our pity and our indignation, let us express these by responding to Mr. Mais' appeal with which these talks began, and examine ourselves and the part we individually are playing and then act on one or other of the practical suggestions he offered about the individual help we can give.

The Académie d'Education et d'Entr'aide Sociales announces that the last date of entry for manuscripts in their competition for the best novel on Bolshevism has been postponed to October 1, 1934, the result to be made known in April, 1935. Manuscripts must be addressed to M. Belle, 31 Rue de Bellechasse, Paris (7 E).



*The Week Abroad*

# Collective Security or Balance of Power?

By VERNON BARTLETT

*Broadcast on June 28*

THE all-important fact in Europe today is, of course, the fear that Germany is re-arming and might start another war. There are two ways of meeting that possible danger. One—the way I have always supported since the first day I ever broadcast—is for nations to club together, to pool their defences, so that no one country will ever dare to defy them by beginning a war. The other is for groups of nations which think themselves threatened to make alliances. The first way—the League of Nations way—requires more statesmanship, because you have to take certain risks by promising in advance to defend some country which is not your particular friend in some quarrel that is not your particular affair. The second—the old system of alliances—is easier to grasp because you are linking yourself up with some country whose interests you share for the moment against some other country whose attack you both fear. The only trouble about the second method is that it inevitably persuades your rival to look for allies of his own and you get a balance of power, which is an uneasy peace until something happens to upset the balance and to involve you in an infernal war. The struggle between these methods is being fought out more vigorously now than at any other time since 1918. It explains M. Barthou's attack on Sir John Simon at Geneva, the Hitler-Mussolini meeting at Venice, and all sorts of other happenings besides.

The League method can only work if all nations are on a footing of equality. Hence British insistence that there must be a Disarmament Convention which Germany could sign and which would give her the same rights of self-defence as anybody else. But France, fairly naturally, was not going to reduce her armaments or admit Germany's right to increase hers unless she had some fresh promises of British and other help if she were ever attacked. Sir John Simon's speech in Geneva gave no such promises—at any rate they were not promises sufficient to satisfy the French—and M. Barthou, the seventy-two-year-old Foreign Minister of France, got up and delivered a slashing attack on the British. As somebody said to me afterwards, *'C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la paix'*. It was certainly a political mistake, for M. Barthou did what you must never do to an Englishman. You may be rude to an Englishman, but you must never make him look ridiculous. It was done by means of debating points to which Sir John might have replied, but at the time it made lots of people round the room titter.

I have said a good deal about that speech because, for a few days after it, it looked as though France had quite definitely thrown over the League method and was going to depend entirely upon her system of alliances. M. Litvinoff, the Russian Foreign Minister who had been M. Barthou's principal enemy at the Genoa Conference just twelve years before, was in Geneva—followed about all the time by a faithful Swiss detective lest somebody should try to assassinate him—and Russia, with Germany on one side of her and Japan on the other, has suddenly become very interested in making friends with other countries that are alarmed by Germany. Therefore, instead of the League idea of a general guarantee of peace, one saw the ghost of the pre-War system of alliances. Germany would be entirely surrounded by France or allies of France. Of course, the French argued, Germany would be entitled to enter into this alliance. But presumably to do so she would have to drop her claim to armaments equality, since it was to prevent this claim that France was linking up with her allies.

Neither Great Britain nor Italy felt any confidence in these regional agreements, and there were two or three days when it looked as though the Disarmament Conference must break up in disorder. If it were not that the various committees that are now at work increase the chances that Russia will join the League in September, I should be inclined to lament the fact that the Conference did not break up, because public opinion might then have been more alarmed by the alternative to a Disarmament Convention—unlimited re-arming all round. In any case the immediate hope of a Convention which allows Germany the same types of armament as France but puts them under control has, unfortunately, disappeared. Instead, M. Barthou has been hurrying around Europe keeping his allies up to the mark, and Herr Hitler has been flying to Venice to see how much support he can get from Signor Mussolini. It is possible that all these comings and goings will end up in regional agreements which, like the Locarno Treaty, are intended to bring probable enemies together instead of driving them into hostile camps; but I confess I am not very optimistic.

Nobody could pretend that the Venetians were very generous in their applause to their visitor from Germany. Mussolini had not visited the city for eleven years, and that was far more

important to the Venetians than the fact that Hitler had never visited it. Even while the German Chancellor walked round the gallery on the first evening, quite half the audience were shouting 'Duce' instead of 'Hitler'.

The next morning began with a Fascist parade. More and more of them lined up in St. Mark's Square until the famous pigeons who generally rule the place were all crowded into the middle, where they strutted about with equally pompous-looking staff officers. Presently Herr Hitler and Baron von Neurath—the German Foreign Minister—and a few others came in at one side of the Square and walked along to the Tribune. When Signor Mussolini arrived it was a very different business, for he marched, not along one side of the Square only, but all the way round it, and I was rather glad to see that the more youthful Fascists—boys and girls—showed a certain amount of healthy undiscipline. When the Duce marched past they broke ranks altogether and jumped up and down in order to get a better view of him.

Then for an hour these two men who had met to talk about peace watched Fascists march past in a military parade.

In the evening came the climax of the whole show, when Mussolini spoke from a window overlooking St. Mark's Square. I have never before been so close to Mussolini when he spoke. It seemed to me that as he looked down on us there was an expression of complete contempt in his eyes. He knew that he could make us do anything he wanted. I have never yet come across a speaker who seemed to have such absolute power over the crowd, and I was a little relieved when his references to peace were applauded even more enthusiastically than his hints that Italy was now strong enough to tackle any enemy.

In spite of the marching and the military bands, I think that the Hitler-Mussolini meeting was useful. Partly because they both agreed on the importance of Austria maintaining her independence and of making every effort they could towards the restoration of order in that unhappy country. At least they appear to have agreed upon this. Nobody will ever know quite definitely, because at both their talks they shut themselves up in a room without even a foreign minister or an interpreter anywhere near them. Also, they appear to have agreed not to begin building up a system of alliances in opposition to that of France, but still to work for general agreements which would make alliances unnecessary.

How long this attempt to avoid the balance of power system continues will, of course, depend very greatly upon what happens in Germany. The change since I was last there in November is impressive. Then almost everybody I met was equally enthusiastic about the Hitler regime. Now, especially among the well-to-do classes, there is a very definite and outspoken discontent. Over a year ago I quarrelled with a good many former friends in the Labour Party because they insisted that the Nazi movement was entirely reactionary, and I insisted that it was revolutionary. I don't think anybody could visit Germany today without coming to the conclusion that the great majority of National Socialists are swinging over to the Left with an alarming speed. It is quite true that big industrialists helped the Nazi movement to destroy the trade unions, but it is equally true that many of these same industrialists are beginning to wish they had the trade unions back again.

Which way Herr Hitler himself will go one cannot yet tell. He granted me an interview last week in which he said that things had gone far better than he had dared to hope when I saw him a year ago on behalf of the B.B.C., but he would give me no clue as to whether he would suppress the reactionary or the revolutionary swing of his party. He could suppress either of them now, for his personal influence is still tremendous. But while he hesitates, the generals, the business men and the aristocrats, who helped National Socialism into power, are talking almost openly about a military attempt to push them out again. I don't think the attempt will be made. No government formed today without Hitler at its head would stand much chance of success, although there is a lot of discontent. There are far too many little local tyrants who, because they wear brown shirts, feel that they have the right to interfere in people's private lives. Once before, broadcasting on Germany, I said that the country was swept by a wave of hysteria. That hysteria is now passing. And the critics whom Dr. Goebbels attacks so vehemently are consequently lifting up their heads again. There might be some attempt by people on the extreme Right to get control next spring, but my own belief is that the prophets who tell us National Socialism is about to collapse will prove to be just as mistaken as were those who foretold the same fate for Bolshevism in Russia and Fascism in Italy.





# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W. 1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

## Scientists as Guides

IN a recent number of the *Scientific American* Mr. Henry Wallace, the United States Secretary for Agriculture, delivered a pungent criticism on the attitude of scientists to the social results of their specialised activities. His contention is that the time has now gone by when scientists could wash their hands, disclaiming all responsibility for the effects of their work, and saying it was no concern of theirs, and of small interest to them, if mankind chose to make bad use of the new powers that came its way. Listeners in this country have recently had some illustrations of the departmentalism which accompanies scientific, and indeed all absorbing, occupations. In the broadcasts on 'The Web of Thought and Action', a succession of specialists in economics, pure science, psychology, and other fields have engaged in discussion, letting themselves be drawn out, and showing how they envisage their own work in relation to society and, what is more, to the universe. At the very beginning Professor H. Levy, the interlocutor and master of ceremonies throughout, laid it down that a coloured vision due to specialist activities must be expected. The high degree of sub-division and organisation that such subjects as chemistry, physics, economics, medicine, have now attained provides their practitioners with worlds of their own in which to live and in these worlds it is one of the passports to acceptance that a man shall limit himself, cultivate modestly and thoroughly his allotted corner, and disclaim the right to an opinion outside it.

It is, quite naturally, the easiest course for an unpretentious and honest man to stick to his last and, when asked questions of a general character about the larger implications of what he is doing, to pass them on to somebody else. Secretary Wallace contends that this abdication must now be considered old-fashioned and out-of-date, and anticipates a reaction against science for its aloofness in calmly introducing successive complexities into human life, and declining any responsibility for helping to control them. The economist in the broadcast series made it quite plain that the science of economics is not concerned with what sort of distribution is made of wealth; what the economist will do is to tell you how this action or that action will affect the total volume of wealth produced.

The two clearest instances today of the new powers at men's disposal through invention are in the fields of food-production and warfare. The contrast is inescapable between the possibilities both of plenty and of destruction, but when the attempt is made to see how the right use of invention could be secured the inventor withdraws from the room. New factors—and chief among them the passions and dreams of men—enter in, and the politician or the minister of religion is invited to cope with the situation. It is a situation whose difficulties have been greatly enhanced by the eager progress of applied invention in the last few generations. Large private interests exploiting, in one field or another, new power over matter, have grown up, interests whose boundaries are not the boundaries of peoples and states; and no technique is yet in existence similar to the traditions of territorial administration by which they can be co-ordinated or controlled.

Men's judgments, wrote Shakespeare, are a parcel of their fortunes. Departmentalised activity does more than give a special twist or colour to man's outlook, it causes a general neglect of larger views. Mr. Everyman, with whom 'The Web of Thought and Action' began, professed a special interest in what eminent scientists might say, and a marked indifference to the activities of philosophers. The prestige of the scientist in the fields of natural science makes his utterances seem worthy of attention even when, or perhaps because, the reader has no expectation of understanding them. The cause of this prestige, which is not enjoyed by metaphysicians or economists, is the belief that great practical results flow from the laboratories. The whole attitude is itself a further illustration of departmentalised limitation. The characteristic activities of this country in this, as in the last, century, are mechanical, concerned with inventing machines and making them work, with gaining power over the elements; and it is natural that men whose own work and hopes lie in these fields should attach most importance to triumphs of an order they can readily appreciate. When they come to consider the life of man in society, they either seek to reduce the problem to manageable scientific terms, and to bring human life into the purview of the exact sciences, or they tend to lose patience and to pass the responsibility elsewhere. The irony that the patient labours of so many years of scientific work should in fact have contributed, unwittingly but more than anything else, to the suffering and peril which abound in the world today, points a moral that knowledge itself is not a thing to be elevated into an obvious and absolute good. There is very common today what may be called a mystical worship of information for its own sake. People easily mistake a wide smattering, knowledge of the terms in use in a number of branches of organised enquiry, and familiarity with a large assortment of facts, for the kind of knowledge which is worth while. 'Knowledge', wrote Ruskin in *The Stones of Venice*, 'is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body (except that the spirit needs several sorts of food, of which knowledge is only one), and it is liable to the same kind of misuses. We no more live to know than we live to eat. We live to contemplate, enjoy, act, adore. And we may know all that is to be known in this world, and what Satan knows in the other, without being able to do any of these'.

## Week by Week

IT has been calculated that today 99 per cent. of our population are readers either of daily or of Sunday newspapers. But which of the features that editors supply do they most appreciate, and which of the advertisements do they most notice in their daily papers? Light is thrown on the tastes of the newspaper-reading public by an analysis which has just been carried out by the J. Walter Thompson Co., of the popularity of the contents of four of our leading dailies. Some 8,300 readers of these



dailies have been interviewed, and their reactions to the contents—both advertisement and editorial features—of six consecutive issues of the four newspapers concerned carefully noted. These readers belonged to eight towns, ranging in size from London to boroughs of between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants. Now taking editorial features first, the analysis showed that a typical feature was read fully by 61 per cent. of the readers and glanced at but not read in detail by another 11 per cent. Ninety-eight per cent. of all readers, men and women alike, looked at the pictorial page; and 97 per cent. studied the cartoons (men preferring political and women 'entertainment' cartoons). Seventy-three per cent. read the wireless programmes; 60 per cent. the serial story; 56 per cent. the book reviews and the gardening pages; and only 33 per cent. the financial page, but of the men 47 per cent. Turning to advertisements, it was found that on an average 17 per cent. of the people interviewed read the advertisements, 28 per cent. glanced at them, and the remaining 54 per cent. did not notice them at all. Women read advertisements more than men, and the poorer classes more than the well-to-do. Advertisements are less read on pages where the news is of very strong interest, or where (as with the wireless or serial features) it occupies the readers for some considerable time. Advertisements have a greater chance of being read on those pages where the reader tends to skip from item to item. And advertisements are chiefly read by people who already use the product advertised. Increased size of advertisements pays better in the case of small advertisements than in the case of half- or full-page advertisements. But perhaps the most striking feature which emerges from this enquiry is the growth of power of the pictorial feature both in advertising and in editorial matter. The cinema is surely responsible for the fact that the most popular form of advertisement today is the cartoon serial. And it is said that the modern mother is even beginning to teach her children to read by using this 'aid to learning'. Is the displacement of the A B C by the advertisement to be regarded as a final symptom of social degeneracy or as one more instance of juvenile virtuosity?

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Doctors, perhaps more than any other class, have the advantage of the rest of us. They see and probe our weakness without disclosing their own. Lest they should grow proud through the centuries, Dr. Robert Hutchison in the McAlister lecture at the National Temperance Hospital treated the profession to an historical survey of the praise and dispraise of doctors throughout the ages, beginning with the Tamil proverb, 'He who has killed a thousand persons is half a doctor', and tracing through antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, into modern times what the patient has thought. If the general consensus is calculated to rob the profession of its hand-rubbing geniality, if not of its calm assurance of wisdom, it must be remembered that doctors are seen through jaundiced eyes, from sick beds, and that sickness is a strain on the temper. The lecture had a happy ending, and doctors were reassured to learn that the nearer proverb and comment comes to our own day, and to this generation of practitioners, the more friendly it becomes. But the charges, said the lecturer, had remained the same for over a thousand years, the great charges of charlatanism and veiled ignorance, of greed for money, of prescribing for patients what the doctor is careful to avoid for himself. A medical anthology containing many more of these quotations is promised by the lecturer, to be published in the *London Hospital Gazette*. Here, obviously, is a practice which the other great organised professions might very usefully copy. The law, officialdom, the church, all could find in the recorded utterance of the laity about them food for humble and salutary contemplation. When boys are given advice on careers, they are commonly told the nature of the work and the possible or average rewards; but it is much more important to them to know what mark their calling will leave on them, and what they will probably become. What a suitable prize-book could be compiled, giving the considered views of mankind on the callings open to men to practise. Edited in a generous spirit, such prizes would not necessarily incur the odium of parents as being, in fact, incitements to be nothing at all.

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The Shropshire historical pageant, that is being given all this week (Monday, July 2, to Saturday, July 7) at Ludlow in aid of the Shropshire hospitals, is a remarkable result of hard

team work and a wonderful illustration of the right sort of 'provincialism'. For every one of the 3,000 performers is native born, and from the tiny elementary school-children to the great lords and ladies, all have provided their own costumes, paid their own fares, and perfected their own parts. The school-children, who act the introduction, the elementary school-teachers who are responsible for Episode I—the betrayal of Caractacus—the townsfolk of Much Wenlock and of Shrewsbury, and the local gentry to whom the other four episodes are entrusted, all seem truly inspired by the fact that they belong to a county where three hundred years cannot destroy, or even antique, a great poem, a great building, a great family, and a great tradition of music, dancing and mime. As the writer of the libretto, Mr. John Drinkwater, wrote in the Hall where 'Comus' was first performed, 'Song and life for ever are unspent'; and here, as at Oberammergau or Syracuse, pageant and play are an expression of the historical sense of the whole people, who live their parts, as they lived their history, with tremendous enthusiasm. Each episode is historically accurate to the last detail, and the colourful costumes and horse trappings were designed in the local art schools and technical institutes after old dresses and pictures. The music is, wherever possible, contemporary, as are the dances, from the stately Pavane to the jolly 'Gathering Peascods'. The Women's Institutes and the school-teachers must share the greatest praise, for it is they who are responsible for the quickening of interest in local history and tradition which has blossomed so joyously in this pageant. Now that the English climate seems disposed to give us many a 'sunshine holiday' again, perhaps the example set by Shropshire may lead to a renewing, in twentieth-century England, of that intense local life and patriotism which were so notable in that other great age of discoveries and voyages, the Elizabethan. The 'Comus' is as lovely in our twentieth as it ever can have been in its own century, and the perfection achieved in this performance will not be easily forgotten, nor should be lightly lost. Every way out, as George MacDonald said, is a way in; and the further we adventure in space and time and air, the closer should all ages and classes come, as they do here, to share and to interpret tradition and memory.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: It is perhaps permissible on the eve of the holiday season to relate a personal experience that admirably illustrates how remarkably the tempo and temper of Scottish life have changed during the last fifteen years. Convalescent during the last year of the War, I was lucky enough to discover an admirable inn in the West Highlands, about sixty miles from Glasgow. On one of the main roads to Oban, it was yet uniquely quiet, the occasional motorist ignoring it in favour of more pretentious hostelries in larger places ten miles on either side of it; and the landlord depended for his livelihood on a not very large group of philosophical anglers and peaceably-inclined loungers like myself. It was a wonderful place—cosy, friendly, exquisitely set among the mountains, and absurdly cheap; and one feature that specially endeared it to its patrons was the excellent plain cooking of home-produced material—mutton from the hill behind, trout from the river, and home-baked scones of exquisite texture and flavour. Circumstance took me far from Scotland for nearly ten years, and that inn remained the essential stuff of an exile's dreams, but it was only the other day that I was able to revisit it. We arrived about five in the afternoon and were told that tea was out of the question. Large parties of tourists and excursionists by 'bus would keep the kitchen and the staff busy till half-past-seven at the earliest. More than two hundred people had to be served—six parties in all, ranging from a Church Guildry from Falkirk to a band of not entirely sober steel-workers from Motherwell. And this, the landlord told me, is nowadays his essential trade—catering for hordes of casual travellers by 'bus through the Western Highlands. It pleased me that old friends should thus be prospering, and it is delightful that steel-workers should now be able to look on scenery that was far beyond their kind twenty years ago, but the discovery had its saddening features. It seems that the 'bus-drivers have to be induced by tangible considerations to return. *The Observer* was on the breakfast table on the Sunday morning. And in place of the home produce of yesterday were bread and cakes and meat from Glasgow and not very good eggs from Ireland—food for thought indeed!





The Wall, showing one of the mile-fortresses

*Along the Roman Roads—VII*

## Hadrian's Wall

By G. M. BOUMPHREY

**H**ADRIAN'S WALL runs for about seventy-three miles, from Wallsend, just east of Newcastle, across by Carlisle and on to Bowness-on-Solway, and it is much more than just a plain wall. To begin with there is the ditch in front of it (to the north) and the Roman road called the Military Way running along close behind it. Behind that again, at varying distances from the Wall, is an older earthwork called the Vallum. And the Wall itself is divided up into sections, by forts, mile-castles and turrets. Obviously the actual Wall isn't still to be seen along its whole length: it made far too useful a quarry for that—half the farms and churches for miles round are built of it—and it suffered one severe disaster when in the 'Forty-five Rebellion some twenty-six miles of it was pulled down and a road made along the foundations—so that General Wade could get his guns across to Carlisle and into action against Bonnie Prince Charlie. But there are miles and miles where it *has* survived.

I didn't waste a great deal of time in Newcastle. At Wallsend, the outlines of the flanking fort, Segedunum, are marked by white stones in the paving, and a section of the Wall itself can be seen, marked with a plaque, in Swan and Hunter's shipyard. Otherwise all that remains of the Wall is in the Black Gate museum, with a fine collection of inscribed stones and other things collected from along it. I left the town by a dead straight road that runs along the foundations of the Wall. There is just a bit to be seen behind railings on the left at Benwell Hill, two miles out, and after that I drew blank for another five or so. It isn't a very inspiring walk and so I will try to beguile the way by explaining where Hadrian's Wall fits into the story of the Roman Conquest. By A.D. 78 the only tribe in Wales who were still giving trouble were the Ordovices. In that year or the year before a really great man appears on the scene—not only a great general but a great administrator, Julius Agricola. And by good luck his son-in-law was a great historian, Tacitus. Agricola evidently thought that thirty years was quite long enough for the Roman legions to spend in conquering Wales, and so in one season he finished off the Ordovices—practically wiping them out, according to Tacitus. The next job was the Brigantes in Lancashire and Yorkshire, who had been just tackled by Petillius Cerialis in 71—when the legionary fortress was moved from Lincoln to York. We don't quite know how much of the credit ought to be given to Petillius, but by the end of Agricola's first year there, 79, the whole of northern England had been linked up by a network of roads and forts, so effectively that in the next year he was able to carry his campaigns straight on into Scotland without any interruptions from

behind. By 84 or 85, he had conquered as far north as Perth, and by his last victory at Mons Graupius, he himself believed that his task was as good as done. And then, at the last moment, to his great disappointment, he was recalled by the Emperor Domitian for more important work in Germany. If he had been allowed to finish his work here, it is quite conceivable that the subsequent history of Britain and even of Europe might have been different. But the conquest was never completed, and for nearly thirty years the northern frontier was left hanging in the air, defended by a number of forts which were far too far apart. We can imagine our old school-friends the Picts getting more and more daring as the fear of Agricola's legions gradually faded. At length the Romans realised that the line was too long to be held economically, and sometime between 117 and 122, the first five years of the reign of Hadrian, most of Scotland was abandoned, and a ditch was dug, thirty feet wide and seven feet deep, from Newcastle to Burgh Marsh, six miles west of Carlisle, to divide Roman Britain from the land of the barbarians. This ditch, the Vallum, is still to be seen running for miles and miles roughly parallel with the Wall. It was simply a boundary: any fighting would be done in the open to the north of it—and that was where the ten forts to hold it were placed.

However, in 121 or 122, Hadrian himself came to Britain, decided that the Vallum wasn't strong enough and started the building of the Wall a few yards north of it. The first section built—westwards from Newcastle—was nine feet six inches thick at the base; but after a few miles had been done, plans were changed and the thickness reduced to seven feet six inches. The height to the sentry walk was probably about fifteen feet, and there would be a parapet above that. There were seventeen forts along the length of it and smaller forts called mile-castles, spaced every Roman mile, between these. Each mile was subdivided into three, by two turrets or raised watch-towers. So that the garrison of each mile-castle or fort (except the flanks) would be responsible for one turret on each side, a third of a mile away. The work of building was divided out among the three legions then in Britain: the original II 'Augusta' from Caerleon, the XX from Chester and the VI from York. The IX (another of the original Claudian expeditionary force) was badly cut up again in one of Agricola's campaigns and had just been finally wiped out in a rising at the beginning of Hadrian's reign. The VI took its place. These three legions have each left their mark on the Wall in the form of inscriptions recording the work of each 'century' under its centurion. Other sections were built (or perhaps repaired later) by sailors from the Fleet and by Britons





Two views of the Wall—(above) between Cuddie's Crag and Housesteads; (below) to the west of Housesteads  
*Photographs taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward*





Lanercost Abbey, said to be built of materials taken from Hadrian's Wall

from Devonshire, the Midlands, Dorset, Yorkshire and Lancashire. And so the Wall was built and the Military Way close behind it with causeways over the Vallum for each section to move its men and materials across. But even the Wall was only intended as an obstacle to raiding-parties: it could not have been held against a massed attack. Each fort and mile-castle had gates to south and north, through which troops could advance out into the open for battle—the style of fighting the Romans liked best. It wasn't their habit to waste the highly-trained legions on frontier work except in emergencies: they were quartered in the legionary fortresses, ready to be moved up in case of trouble. The frontiers were held by auxiliaries, levies of newly-conquered tribes, who were formed into cohorts five hundred or one thousand strong and not into legions. And so along the Wall we find records of Gauls, Frisians, Asturians, Dacians and others as well as Cornovii from Shropshire.

And now I think I may be said to have covered the five miles from Newcastle to Heddon-on-the-Wall where the main road to Hexham turns off to the south-west and leaves the Carlisle road to run along more or less on the foundations of the Wall.

At Heddon or thereabouts the Vallum and the ditch in front of the Wall both begin to look really interesting for the first time. For the rest of the way to Carlisle almost always one or both of them are to be seen, even when there is no trace left of the Wall. Those great purposeful gashes through rock and soil give an extraordinary impression of power. At Rudchester, a mile-and-a-half on, the lines of one of the forts, Vindobala, can be traced in the grass, and at the next cross-roads inscribed stones from the Wall are built into the front of a house on the left. All through this country, any number of stones from the Wall can be recognised in buildings. After a time you get familiar with the shape, about eight by ten

by twenty inches—just the size that a man can handle without tackle. On Harlow Hill, the Wall-ditch on the right and the Vallum on the left sweep up in a grand way and the view from the top made me realise, not for quite the first time, what fine country I was going through, especially to the south, where the ground ran down to the beautifully wooded Tyne Valley and swelled up to Mickley Hill beyond. Presently the Wall-ditch was filled with a narrow plantation of young larch, and on the right the mounds of the Vallum were piled with the heavy gold of gorse-bloom. Just here I could see quite plainly some of the causeways where the Vallum was filled in while the Wall was being built. After Halton Chesters, where the vague lines of the fort Hunnum are still to be seen, the Wall was crossed by the Roman road Dere Street which ran up to Scotland from the York road at Corbridge or Corstopitum, one of Agricola's forts on Stanegate, the road from Carlisle to Newcastle. Here the Portgate once stood, taking the road through the Wall. Within a mile the road climbed Whittington Fell and took me on to far higher ground than I had reached so far. Glorious views—this time to the east and north—the Vallum more inspiring than ever, and primroses and violets growing in the Wall-ditch. I enjoyed it all the more for the thought that another few miles would bring wild country where trees and green grass would be hard to find. At Brunton, the road turns north, down the hill, making for Chollerford Bridge across the North Tyne.

I found the abutment of the Roman bridge (on the true line, of course) by walking half-a-mile along the bank downstream. It must have been a magnificent job. I think nothing I have seen on these walks has given me a greater impression of the strength and beauty of Roman work than the sight of these huge beautifully-fitted stones. Across the river there is a lovely view of the ruined bath-houses that served the camp of Cilurnum at Chesters a quarter-of-a-mile on. As I walked



back along the bank, to cross by the bridge (and a lovely bridge that is, too) a fine salmon came right out of the water twice for me to admire him. The fort at Chesters has been very carefully excavated and preserved. Most of it can be made out quite plainly—the walls with corner towers and gates, the headquarters building and praetorium, some of the barrack buildings, and, down by the river, the baths. And there is a good museum there, full of the things that have been dug up. Altogether a perfect place for anyone to visit who wants to get a bit of Roman-Britain in a nutshell; even the ruts of the chariot-wheels can still be seen in the thresholds of the gateways. At the end of Chesters Park the road returns to the line of the Wall. As I climbed for a mile or two, the trees gradually fell away and I got my first hint of the wild country to come. Ahead and to the right stretched miles and miles of bleak moorland with hardly a building on it, the only living things, so far as I could see, a few sheep here and there, and the curlew, bubbling and wailing in the distance. At Tower Tie and all along this stretch there are several sections where the facing stones of the Wall can be seen by the roadside; and there is one most spectacular place where both the ditches are cut through the solid rock and great pieces split off by the quarrymen's wedges have just been heaved to one side and left there. Obviously, in the case of the Vallum, it was the ditch which mattered and not the mounds of upcast.

Another mile or two (twenty-six from Newcastle now) and the road bore to the south-west and left me to follow the Wall alone where it ran out across the moor and climbed up for Sewingshields Crag straight ahead. The next ten miles were the best of all. The formation of the ground is curious. Seen from the south it looks like ordinary rather desolate moorland rising to a ridge running east and west. When you get on top of it, you find that you are on the edge of precipitous grey crags which fall abruptly down to the moors, sometimes two or three hundred feet below. This is the Great Whin Sill of North England and it is along the very brink of it that Hadrian's Wall runs. And it is just this part of the Wall that is best preserved, the full width and often five or six feet high.

As you leave the road you see ahead the sheer edge of Sewingshields with the Wall running along the brink. There was a mediaeval castle here and it is said that King Arthur and his Knights still sit there, in an underground hall, wrapped in a magic sleep, waiting the coming of one who shall break the spell. From the top of the Crag, the view is wonderful—north over the Wastes, as the moors are called, with Broomlee Lough at your feet; or south to the Tyne valley—or east or west for that matter—in fact it is one of the places of England. It must have looked very different to the Roman sentries at times, when the grey mist swirled down, blotting out everything, and they gazed into it until their eyes burned, seeing everywhere shapes that might have moved the second before. A grim place, then! The Wall follows the edge round, south—then west again and a mile brings Housesteads—Borcovicum—the fort most worth seeing of all.

They are excavating the civil settlement now outside the walls and one room is placarded 'Murder Room', because two skeletons and a dagger were found there. I was hoping to be able to see the remains of the Mithraic temple, the only certain one in this country; but there is nothing left now. The worship of Mithras was very popular among Romans at one time, especially with soldiers. There was a good deal of blood about it—bulls sacrificed in underground temples, and so on. Most exciting. Between Sewingshields and Housesteads, by the way, is a place called Busy Gap. It is supposed to be called that because it was a weak spot in the line and raiders used to keep the Romans busy. At any rate there is an extra line of earthworks there. Just west of Housesteads, walking along the top of the Wall, I came to the Housesteads mile-castle, the best preserved one along the whole Wall, standing nearly ten feet high. It was evidently pulled down by raiders more than once, and you can still see how the Romans rebuilt it and narrowed the original gateway. I kept on along the top, flushing scores of wood pigeons and jackdaws from the cliffs beneath me, over Hotpoint Crag and on past where Crag Lough lies right at the foot of the precipice. This is the grandest bit of all: magnificent columns of basalt, rising absolutely sheer up, and far



Part of the Roman bath-house at Chesters

*Photographs taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward*



below, the blue water of the lough and the brown moorland beyond. Another two or three miles up ridge and down gap brought me on to Winshield's Crag, the highest point on the Wall, one thousand two hundred and thirty feet, and far ahead I could get my first glimpse of the Solway Firth. And then to Burnhead, past a good mile-castle and the steep descent to Halt-whistle Burn, where a quarry is busy eating the hill away. Another mile brought Great Chesters and what is left of the fort of Æsica; another three and the Wall came to an abrupt stop on the edge of the Greenhead Quarry. This was the end of the wild country. In the green valley below, the ruins of Thirlwall Castle showed very clearly what has happened to one section of the Wall. I wasn't surprised to find very little trace of it for the next mile or so. But the ditch and Vallum were a sure guide. Just south of Silsland, I crossed the Poltross Burn, the boundary between Northumberland and Cumberland, and in another mile the River Irthing. The abutments of the old bridge are still to be seen there, but if I may say so, I was more thrilled by a newer bridge which I found a little way downstream. I saw a rather home-made looking derrick and a cable stretching over the river, so I went to investigate. There was another derrick on the opposite bank and a sort of bench slung on small pulleys from the cable, with a rope to haul yourself across by. I couldn't resist this, so I climbed the home-made ladder, sat in the chair and hauled myself across. When I got down I saw a large notice forbidding anyone to use the transporterette I think is the best word. So I got in again and hauled myself back to restore the *status quo*. The Wall starts again on top of a very steep high bank the other side and half-a-mile on is Birdoswald and the fort of Camboglanna. The most striking things here are, first, the view down the valley of the Irthing, simply beautiful—steep wooded banks and the river winding round in a series of lovely curves between; and, second, the Turf Wall. I'm not going to try and give the history of this wall. So many theories about it have been made and disproved. At any rate, there is a Turf Wall, built of sods laid in courses—it's older than Hadrian's Wall and it can be seen at its best at and near Birdoswald. We'll leave the rest to the archaeologists.

Just before the fort a road had come in from the north; and this now ran more or less along the line of the Wall for three miles, almost into Banks. And so there wasn't much Wall to be seen—only the ditch one side and the Vallum the other and the Turf Wall, which meets the Wall at Wallbowers, two miles on. I turned aside here, down a path through the woods to see the quarry where the Roman quarrymen had cut their names in the rock—Securus, Maternus and Justus. Queer how these little human touches move us more than great monuments! A mile on, a turret has been rescued and dug out of the roadside bank with a bit of the wall-surface on each side. And then in Banks (a village this time—not just earth!) I found the highest bit of wall I'd seen—a good ten feet high. I was glad to see it because the country was getting more and more civilised and I knew I couldn't hope for much more. In the next two or three miles it became more and more fragmentary, usually nothing but rough blocks of the local red sandstone which had formed the infilling. At King Water and again at Cam Brook I could find no trace of its crossing, though the line was clear enough, and soon I gave up all hope of tracing anything but the ditch and Vallum.

After Cam Brook, the country changed again: the wastes of a few miles back seemed to have been in another world and now the richly wooded hills which had given so much beauty to the last part flattened out into rather dull pastures with occasional patches of rough marshy ground. In one such place, White Moss, the place of the Vallum is taken by four lines of mounds as the ditch couldn't be dug. Just afterwards a lane picks up the line of the Wall for three miles to Walfoot and the ditch was a real ditch filled with water. A bit of cross-country, the line of the Wall a good deal easier to follow than some of the Roman roads I've been after, and then at Tarraby a footpath takes it to Stanwix on the outskirts of Carlisle. There was a fort here, but I could find no trace of it. Carlisle itself, Luguwallum, was a town and not a fort. The Wall turned almost at right angles just north of it, coming in south-west and leaving almost north-west after crossing the Eden. I wasn't sorry to get out of the town and cover the five miles to Burgh-by-Sands. A mile out at Dykesfield I said goodbye to the Vallum and started on the long straight road across the marsh. Far over the silver water of the Solway the hills of Scotland shone in the afternoon sun.

In five miles I came to Bowness where the Wall ended in a fort that's still just traceable. I felt as I stood there, with the estuary on almost three sides of me, that it was quite a suitable place to end anything; even the three-mile railway viaduct from Annan ends there in mid-air. At least the last two spans are missing.

Hadrian's Wall wasn't the end of trouble on the Border. Less than twenty years later we find Lollius Urbicus launching a punitive campaign into Scotland, and in 143, having crushed all resistance south of it, he built the Antonine Wall—thirty-six miles long—between the Forth and Clyde. But this was a long way from the legionary fortresses and its flanks were none too secure. Twice in the second century the new Wall was broken and had to be repaired and regarrisoned, and finally in 197 something worse happened. Clodius Albinus, the Governor of Britain, tried to make himself emperor and crossed over to Gaul, taking with him every soldier he could lay hands on. He was eventually defeated and killed, but the Maeatae burst across the Antonine and Hadrian's Walls, destroyed them both—very systematically, considering their lack of discipline—and then proceeded to destroy everything else Roman they could find at least as far south as York and Chester. This was the situation that Severus, the new emperor, had to deal with. He gave up all idea of re-establishing the Antonine Wall, but Hadrian's Wall was thoroughly repaired and improved, and all over the country the same work of repairing forts and fortresses was put in hand. Meanwhile, Severus himself spent three years in fighting the Scottish tribes on their own ground. He doesn't seem to have won any decisive victory or even to have come thoroughly to grips with them; and his own losses were considerable, but he taught them a lesson. For a hundred years after his death, in 211, there was peace and prosperity in Britain. The next threat was not from the land but from the sea—Saxon pirates—and we make the acquaintance of a man who has been romantically misdescribed as the founder of British sea-power. This was Carausius, a Roman admiral of the Channel fleet, who rebelled and seized the governorship of Britain as a first step towards making himself emperor. He was assassinated by one of his own officers, Allectus, who then proceeded to collect every man he could lay hands on (we shall be getting used to this soon!) to oppose an invasion by the real Emperor, Constantius. He got killed, of course (it's 297 now), but in the meantime the tribes were over the Wall again and Constantius had to repeat the work of Severus.

All this time the pirate menace was increasing and to deal with it a chain of forts—the forts of the Saxon shore—was built reaching from the Wash to the Solent. Fifty years later another danger threatened: the Scots (who lived in Ireland at that time) began to raid the west coast and settle in Scotland. This unsettled the Picts; the Saxon pirates joined in and there was a terrific smash in 367, when practically the whole of Britain, except the walled towns, was sacked by bands of raiders from all sides. This was the death-blow to the villa-system and almost to Roman-Britain. The barbarians were driven out and the Wall and forts rebuilt, but fifteen years later in 383 another would-be emperor, Magnus Maximus, a Spaniard, repeated the trick of his predecessors. The Wall was lost and never retaken.

Let me end with the words of an eighteenth-century antiquary written after he had made a tour of the Wall. 'I hold myself obliged to preserve, as well as I can, the memory of such things as I saw; which, added to what future times will discover, will revive the Roman glory among us, and may serve to invite nobler minds to endeavour at that merit and public-spiritedness which shine through all their actions. This tribute at least we owe them, and they deserve it at our hands, to preserve their remains'. We may not subscribe to every word of that; but surely the last sentence we can all agree with.

*Printers' Pie*, the sixpenny holiday annual, provides exactly the kind of light reading for passing the hours in a railway-train or for whiling away the intervals between pleasant snoozes in a deck-chair. There are stories and articles by such authors as H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany, Ian Hay, Rafael Sabatini, Marjorie Bowen, P. C. Wren, H. de Vere Stacpoole, R. C. Sherriff, Beverley Nichols and A. P. Herbert. The magazine is lavishly illustrated, and contains 'joke drawings' by nearly 30 artists. It should commend itself, not only on its own merits, but also for the sake of the fund it serves—the century-old *Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation*.



*From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—XI*

# Trade Unionism in the Society of the Future

By HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P.

**T**HE history of Trade Unionism is a record of painful effort and self-sacrificing devotion. It is also a record of achievement of which the inheritors of trade union tradition may well be proud. Now, however, I wish to turn your attention from the past to the future. With the background of history in our minds we are to try to find the answer to the question what is likely to be, and what ought to be, the future of Trade Unionism in this country? You have heard about the growth of the movement; and I am sure you will have understood the importance of seeing the historical events in relation to the economic and social circumstances of their time. It is equally important in considering the future that we should have some clear idea of the kind of world in which the Trade Unions will have to do their work. Here we are faced with great difficulty. There is no one to tell us with any degree of certainty what the society of the future will be like. Yet we have got to understand not only the industrial conditions of the new society but also the form of social organisation and the principles by which it is governed. Otherwise we cannot begin to discuss the place the Trade Unions will, or ought to, occupy. This point was very clearly expressed by Mr. Beales in the third talk when he was dealing with past events. He said: 'It is a narrow view to regard Trade Unionism only against its immediate industrial background. Its environment is the whole social and economic system'. I entirely agree. But this statement applies with equal force to the future. What then will the social and economic system of the future be like?

## Social System of the Future

That is quite a short question to ask; but it is a long one to answer, and I have only a few minutes to spare for it. It would be fairly easy to build, on paper, an ideal order of society which our grandchildren or great grandchildren may hope to establish in their time. Such a picture would be too remote to have practical value for the present, or for the rising generation. I propose therefore that we should limit our vision, set aside for a moment even our hopes of what we would like the next stage in the process of change to bring, and concentrate as practical men and women on what is, in fact, likely to happen. In this respect I rule out violent upheavals—the catastrophe of war or the disaster of violent civil strife. I do so not because I think we in Britain are completely free from these dangers, but for two reasons. In the first place, if we are overtaken by war or civil disturbance, then any consideration of the future system of society is useless—for no one could tell what might emerge from the confusion which would result; and, secondly, I think we are sufficiently intelligent in this country and sufficiently fair-minded to enable us to make the necessary changes in the social and economic structure, in response to reason and good will rather than by violence and disorder; and I think that war is such a danger to every nation that somehow or another, in spite of the difficulties, the statesmen of the world will find a way to avoid it. In the first talk of the series Mr. J. L. Hammond said a very encouraging thing:

I think it is because the habit of discussion has been spread and encouraged by the growth of the Trade Unions, as bodies first for bargaining, and then for helping to regulate industry, that we have made so many changes, have adapted ourselves to such different conditions, have passed through such severe crises, without anything that could be called civil war.

I would go further and say that the same habit and the same qualities will enable us to surmount the difficulties now confronting us in Britain and to carry through the change to the next phase of economic organisation with the same good sense and moderation.

How can we anticipate what these changes are likely to be? Only, I think, by examining carefully what is actually happening at the present time. It is clear that the tendency of development today is unification, co-ordination, amalgamation. Industry is being forced by the ruinous consequences of competitive production to seek some method by which production can be regulated in accordance with market demand.

In agriculture we find the same thing and the various producers' marketing schemes show there too this movement towards more effective organisation. Just consider what has been done during the last few years—the Electricity Board, the London Passenger Transport Board, the Broadcasting Corporation, the bacon, milk, hops, and potato marketing schemes, the scheme for reorganisation of the iron and steel industry, the amalgamations, both for production and selling, which are a result of the work of the Coal Mines Reorganisation Committee. There are also under discussion similar proposals of reorganisation in the cotton trades, the shipbuilding industry, and many others.

## Towards a More Ordered Industrial Organisation

We are moving towards a more orderly structure of industrial organisation and if we follow out the logical conclusion of these tendencies I think it is possible to get a picture of the kind of society in which we shall be living within a few years. Elsewhere in books and speeches I have tried to argue that we should recognise that these changes are bound to come, and take the necessary political action to enable us to co-ordinate the movements, and direct them in accordance with an intelligent plan of economic reconstruction. This conscious and deliberate control of readjustment will come. Propaganda may fail to secure it. The pressure of events will sooner or later force such action upon the leaders of the nation.

As I see it, the society of the future will be one in which each of the national industries will be organised as a single unit under the direction and control of its own National Council. I do not mean that competition will be altogether done away with or that every industry will necessarily be amalgamated into a single financial corporation. But under the authority of these councils the waste and dislocation caused by haphazard competitive production will be avoided. The industry will be organised on the most efficient lines, and prices and employment will be more steady and regular. But if this happens it will, of course, be necessary to establish some form of national supervision which will safeguard the interests of minorities in the industry, of the workers employed by the industry and of the consumers of the industry's products. For this reason I think we shall provide a Central Economic Council which will represent: first, the different industries organised each into its own group; second, the workers—through the Trades Union Congress, whose representatives will have seats on the Central Council; third, the people as citizens—through representatives of the Government; fourth, the welfare of the nation as an economic unit—through the Import Duties Advisory Committee, representing the Government of the day; fifth, representatives of Finance—in order that we may ensure that Financial, Political, and Industrial policy are in harmony and seeking the same ends. Such a body would be likely to draw upon the expert advice of economists, scientists, and other highly skilled technicians in its consideration of the problems with which it would be faced. There is, of course, no way in which I can prove that this will be the result of present tendencies. I can only put it forward as my picture of the future—always assuming that present tendencies are not interrupted by any major catastrophe.

## Industrial Unionism in Place of Craft Unionism

How then would Trade Unionism work in a society so organised? In the first place a development of the existing structure of Trade Union organisation would be necessary and desirable. The grouping of workers according to their craft would begin to give way to their grouping according to the industry in which they worked. Craft Unionism would thus steadily give place to Industrial Unionism, with the necessary provisions for interchange in the case of workers whose particular craftsmanship is used in a number of different industries. It may be noted that this change is already taking place at the present time. We should then have a Trade Unionism system parallel with, and corresponding to, that of the management side of industry. The workers in each industry would be organised on the same lines as the industry itself. A body



entitled to negotiate on behalf of all classes of workers in the industry would therefore be available for consultation by each district or functional group within an industry and by the National Councils of each industry. Conciliation machinery for the settlement of disputes would be created at each point. The district or functional groups of management and labour would deal with any friction which might arise with regard to workshop conditions or the general details regarding the conditions of labour. The National Councils of management and labour would deal with wages, hours of employment, and such larger questions for the industry as a whole.

### Share of the Workers in Management

At this point another question arises; what share in management and the determination of policy within an industry should be granted to the workers? National ownership and workers' control is the political expression which Socialists have given to the desire of the worker to have some voice in the affairs of the industry with which his material welfare is bound up. This desire of the worker is legitimate and reasonable. The political slogan, on the other hand, cannot be regarded even by many who voice it as of any immediate practical importance when applied to the whole diverse field of industry. Since I am assuming a non-revolutionary development over the next few years I need not discuss remote policies for the distant future.

But if the claim of the worker to some voice in the direction of industrial policy is reasonable, how can it be met? Obviously we cannot have interference in the daily management of industry. Even in Russia they've had to give up trying to do that. And the more clear-sighted labour and Trade Union leaders in this country have already recognised that, from a policy point of view, ownership is of less importance than management. They see that the idea of management being merely *representative* of owners or workers should be given up and that what matters is that management should be independent and efficient. The fact is, of course, that the ordinary worker is not particularly interested in mere theories. He is not interested in discussions of technical problems. He is interested in making sure that his wages, hours and conditions of labour will be improved and that the general policy of the industry shall be directed towards keeping up his standard of life and getting rid of poverty and insecurity.

### No Bureaucratic Control

These desires are shared by a great many people who reject doctrinaire Socialism; really these simple and reasonable demands of the worker have nothing to do with Socialism at all. Most people will agree that as the power to produce is increased, the standard of life should rise; that the condition of large sections of the working population today is a measure of the failure of 'Free Capitalism'; and that our processes of production and distribution ought to be so rationalised as to abolish undeserved poverty and insecurity from the life of the nation. The demands of the workers as a class are justified by the abundant possibilities with which science and invention have endowed us. But the acceptance of this view does not require our surrender to the barren doctrine of bureaucratic organisation and control.

In so far as the demand is not merely political propaganda, it represents, however, a legitimate claim that as the worker's welfare is bound up with the prosperity of industry, he is entitled to some voice in the determination of the general policy which industry pursues. In the new structure of economic organisation the detailed questions regarding the general conditions of labour will be well enough safeguarded if arrangements are made for consultation between management and labour. The questions of general policy in which it is claimed the voice of labour should be heard will be dealt with by the Economic Council. But that doesn't mean interference in the daily management of industry. Those entrusted with that highly technical task should be chosen for their ability and for nothing else. On the other hand, labour ought to be represented on the Economic Council, not only because it is right and fair, but because it would be helpful to the practical work of the Council. We should then be provided with a real possibility of co-operation. The two parallel bodies, of organised management and organised labour, would carry out the necessary negotiations within the industries on all minor questions, and be brought together on the Economic Council for the discussion on the general questions of

economic policy. On this body the representatives of labour would find their opportunity not only of looking after the interests of the workers as a whole, but of serving these interests by making their contribution towards the progress and advancement of a system of co-operative effort.

### Functions of the Economic Council

It has taken so much time to define the kind of organisation which I believe to be the desirable next stage in social development and the place of the Trade Union movement within it, that I have little time left to deal with all the benefits and improvements that we may expect to follow. It will be seen, however, that my whole idea is that we should be able to establish a mastery over economic forces and direct them with a view to the greater service of human needs. The Economic Council would be seeking to maintain a balance in production by the direction of capital and labour into the most useful channels, from a social point of view. It would also be concerned to maintain the purchasing power of the home-market in accordance with the power to produce at any given time. It would try to hold the balance between different economic interests within society and supervise the whole economic life of the nation in the interests of all the citizens. The representatives of labour could play an important part in that constructive work. And the more efficiently the machine was made to work, the greater would be the improvements in the standard of life which they would be able to secure. The status of labour in the industrial life of the community could be progressively changed by the co-operation of all classes in a common effort to construct a rational and intelligently managed system. In such a system the welfare of every section of the community would be considered, neither in relation to preconceived notions of rights or privileges, nor in accordance with doctrinaire theories.

But each legitimate interest—capital, management, labour, the nation as a consumer, scientific research, government—all would have their representative on a Central Economic Council. Their work would be with fact rather than theories; they would be technicians rather than politicians. Well—that is my picture, as well as I can draw it in a few minutes, of the new society. It won't be, in my view, either 'Free Capitalism' as we have known it in the past, or Socialism as Socialism has been preached to us up to date. It will be something in between; ordered capitalism, perhaps we might call it. It was the proud ambition of Trade Unionists in the past to fight for the rights of the labouring classes. In the future they will have the not less difficult and certainly not less inspiring duty of co-operating with every other national interest for the common welfare of all.

The famous firm of map makers, George Philip and Son, Ltd., is celebrating its centenary this year, and to mark the occasion has issued an illustrated booklet entitled *The Story of the Last Hundred Years—A Geographical Record*, by George Philip. This treats of the growth of geographical knowledge since 1834, as a result of exploration and discovery—the development of geography as a science, and the improvement of the art of map making. Pictures are reproduced of the founder of the firm and his successors, and of its premises; but an opportunity is missed, which many would have welcomed, of reproducing specimens of the cartographical work of the firm in past years, which would surely have been the most effective of all demonstrations of its contribution to geographical progress.

## The Ruin

Soul's agony has dripped  
Into this air, these stones.  
Here the curt word has whipped  
Action in dusty bones.

Inscrutable, stones tell  
Little men strive to know.  
Our histories will spell  
Blankly as untrod snow

Till earth in anger slips  
Tempest to beat on gongs,  
Till stone uncloze its lips  
And sea release its songs.

CLIFFORD DYMENT





Ricefield in the Rong Tö Valley at approximately 6,000 feet up

Dorion Leigh—Kaulback

## Exploring in Tibet

By RONALD KAULBACK

**S**OUTH-EAST Tibet, I suppose, is probably the least known part of Asia, and when Captain Kingdon Ward asked me to go along with him to explore a bit of it, I fairly jumped at the chance. At the last minute we were joined by Brooks Carrington, who was going to take a natural-colour film of the journey, and then we went off to India. In Calcutta we picked up three Tibetan servants who had come down to meet us from Darjeeling, and then took the train to Sadiya, in north-east Assam. It took us three frightfully boring days to get there, rattling along across the plains, where everything looks exactly the same. Sadiya is growing into quite a fair-sized little place nowadays. There are seven Europeans in the neighbourhood, and about a dozen native shops, all built of corrugated iron and hideous to look at. It's the last town in Assam, however, and when we got there we began to feel that at last we were nearly off, and we set to work with terrific energy on our final preparations. All our baggage had to be repacked into loads of not more than sixty pounds apiece, as that is the greatest weight a coolie can carry in the sort of country we were going to travel in. Then, besides all that packing, we had to buy several hundred pounds of rice, flour, cooking-oil, etc., to feed the coolies as well as ourselves on the long trek before we actually got into Tibet.

At last the great day came when everything was ready. The coolies picked up their loads, which they carried by straps going across their foreheads, and away we went, turning back to take one last look at civilisation before we were out of sight.

The next three weeks were rather heavy going. We were marching up the valley of the Lohit Brahmaputra, where only the surly Mishmi hill tribes live, and the path was just a

narrow streak of slippery mud, which stretched on and on, over and under fallen trees, in and out of precipitous ravines, and across the faces of cliffs. Almost the whole way we were crashing through such a thick undergrowth of huge bramble thickets that we could very seldom see more than three or four yards round at a time. That didn't matter very much; but we had an awful lot of rain which brought out the leeches. These attacked us in hundreds, so that for a good part of the time we went along with legs simply dribbling with blood.

But everything comes to an end sometime, and towards the last week of March we came out of the forest on to some gloriously open terraces and left all the leeches behind us. When we got to the Tibetan frontier, we crossed the river by a rope bridge, and camped on the other side in a good spot where we had a view three or four miles up and down the river, which seemed quite amazing. These rope bridges are interesting things and are great fun to cross. They consist of a single rope of twisted bamboo stretched over the river from one bank to the other. Each man has a wooden slider which he slips on to the rope and to which he ties himself by a couple of leather straps. Then, if the two banks are more or less the same height, he pulls himself across hand over hand; but if, as with that bridge, there is a bit of a slope in the right direction, he just lets go and shoots merrily over. The snag is that with a train of coolies it takes such ages before everyone is safely on the other side, as each load and each coolie has to go over separately. As a matter of fact on this occasion it took us about five-and-a-half hours. When my turn came it struck me that I was a good bit heavier than anyone else, and with all that slope I was going to land with the devil of a bang at the bottom, so I told off a couple of stray Tibetans on the



other side to act as a buffer. I tied myself on, and let go. Long before I was across I was travelling at a frightful speed—simply whistling through the air. My two buffers got a bit pale as I shot towards them, but stood their ground like men. I roared into them with a terrific crash, sent them both



A Tibetan Minstrel

flying, and bounded back two or three yards up the rope with the shock. The two trusty men picked themselves up and kindly helped to untie me from the slider. Shaken to the core, I tottered away, and though I should hate to blame them for it, it's a fact that from then on I was tormented by fleas.

Once across the river the path became quite good, and two days later, after a pretty stiff climb of about a thousand feet, we dropped down on to the level floor of the Rima Valley. There we were met by ponies which the Governor of the Tibetan province of Zayul had sent out to us. Riding in state—though not too comfortably, as the saddles were only of wood and the stirrups much too short—we came to his headquarters and were given an official reception by the headman, who took us into his house for refreshments. These consisted of buttered tea, walnuts, and a sort of rice spirit which tasted like a mixture of creosote and methylated spirit. Buttered tea is a very favourite drink in Tibet. The tea comes in bricks from China, and is broken up into small pieces and boiled for a long time. After that, it is strained into wooden churns where it is violently mixed up with rancid butter, salt and soda. The finished article looks rather like soup, and, strange to say, it is really very good, though it doesn't taste a bit like tea. The chief points about it are that it is very warming and most awfully filling. Tibetans live mostly on barley flour, and up to about seven thousand feet or so on rice. They mix up the barley flour in their tea till it is a thick kind of dough, and they roll that up into balls with their hands. As they don't believe in washing, the dough balls are a pretty doubtful colour by the time they are ready to be eaten. When they can get it, they are very fond of meat, but that is rather a luxury.

The villagers (at least in the south-east of Tibet) are almost entirely self-supporting. They grow their own crops, and

breed their own cattle and pigs. They weave cloth on primitive looms, and make up their own clothes. Their houses are built entirely of wood, without a single nail or piece of metal of any kind, and stand on piles some eight to ten feet high. The space underneath is used as a stable for the animals, so that the rooms above are definitely fuggy. The only things they have to get in from outside are tea, salt, knives, and guns, which they exchange for rice or wheat. The guns they use are venerable looking weapons, made up of about five feet of gas pipe wired on to a roughly-shaped piece of wood and fired by a match. They haven't any sights and are wonderfully inaccurate. In fact as guns they aren't much good, but just the fact of having them gives their proud owners an enormous feeling of superiority. I went out with a Tibetan hunter once to see how he managed things. It appeared that the first thing to do was to set dozens of snares in hopeful places. This was done in the evening. The next morning before dawn we set out and cautiously took up our position under a convenient bush. We waited there in dead silence. Some time later there was a great crashing and beating about quite near at hand as some animal blundered into one of the snares. The hunter got terribly excited. He loaded his weapon as quickly as he could, and borrowed a match from me. After that we stopped just where we were for another half-hour until the sun came up. When it was light enough to see the hunter stealthily crawled towards the beast which was thorough'y roped up by then, and quite helpless. About five yards away from it he stopped, put up a small tripod, rested his gun on it, lit the match and took careful aim. There was a terrific explosion, the gun leapt in the air, and the bullet landed in the animal's rump. However, he had fired his gun, his honour was satisfied, and with a triumphant yell he dashed up with a knife and finished matters off. A few other Tibetans soon came along, and then with one exception the party celebrated the happy ending to the hunt by eating the liver and heart perfectly raw.

We stayed about a fortnight with the Governor, and then pushed on deeper and deeper into the country. The only way of getting from place to place was by following the river valleys. We gave up living in tents, and slept every night in some village or other. The houses were always filthily dirty



Prayer flags in front of a small temple at Shigatang in the Province of Zayul

and full of rats and fleas, but even so it was much more comfortable than being under canvas. For some time nothing very exciting happened, but one day towards the end of April a man hurried up who said that there was a native courier quite close behind us, who was bringing us letters from Sadiya. We were all very thrilled about this as we hadn't had any news since leaving Assam. We even went so far as to plan out a





Various ways of crossing a river in Tibet and Assam

*Illustrations: Dorian Leigh—Kaulbach*

special meal to celebrate the arrival of the mail. However, day after day went by with never a sign of the courier, and bit by bit all our hopes faded away, till honestly we began to believe we must have dreamt the whole business. It wasn't till after another fortnight that the mystery was solved. The poor chap's body was found in some bushes. He had been ambushed in broad daylight when not more than fifteen miles behind us. The bandits had cut his throat, stolen the mail, and thrown the corpse into a deep ravine where it was only found by accident. The letters were picked up later on by the side of a path, but they were the last we got, as naturally no one else was keen to take on the job of mail-runner after that.

At the end of May we came to a most spectacular gorge. It was less than fifty yards wide, and the rock walls towered up perfectly sheer for about two thousand feet, while between them roared a torrent of white water. As we stood at the bottom we were in a sort of perpetual twilight with a thin ribbon of blue sky miles above our heads. We climbed up almost to the top by a series of ladders made of notched logs, and then moved on above the river. Sometimes we crept along rock ledges, but more often than not we had to use flimsy wooden galleries, which were just pegged to the face of the

precipice. We took nearly four hours to cover two miles in that gorge, but we were kept from being bored by knowing that if we slipped there wasn't a thing to stop us from finishing up where we had started, at the bottom. Anyway after those two miles the path became much easier and we were able to step out once more. Three days later we came to the last village south of the passes at the head of the valley. Within two miles of it was the foot of a big glacier which came to an end in a cliff of ice some hundred and fifty feet in height. From under it poured the waters of the river we had been following. We spent a week or so knocking about near that village, and then marched up by the side of the glacier through a great forest of rhododendron trees. We made camp on a small and very uncomfortable ledge at about 13,000 feet, and there we sat for a solid fortnight of rain and bitter winds. We had to wait for the snow on the pass above us to melt enough for us to be able to get over it with our coolies. At the beginning of July it was reported clear and we climbed up to the top. As soon as we got there the coolies all shouted in chorus to the Spirits of the Mountains, asking them to look kindly on the party, and not to send storms or avalanches as we went on with the march. They then lit a number of little fires in honour of the





. Coolie collecting snow for cooking

gods, and put up bits of cloth on sticks. When that was all over we climbed down the other side and started to traverse the dangerously steep snow slopes which covered the sides of the valley from the top of the ridge right down to another glacier several thousand feet below. There was only one accident, as a matter of fact, when a coolie slipped and went tumbling down for perhaps three hundred feet, until he was stopped by a rock. He wasn't hurt a bit, but was terribly angry at having to cut steps all the way up, and he joined the others again with a face like thunder. We made camp that night actually on the glacier, as there wasn't any other place where we could put up the tents. It was bitterly cold in that camp. We were at 14,000 feet. There were five glaciers within a couple of miles of us, and nothing to see but ice, snow, and bare grey granite. The great difficulty was to keep our feet warm, and, do what we might, they were always dead with cold.

Brooks Carrington and I hadn't been able to get leave to go any further than that point, so we had to say good-bye to Captain Kingdon Ward, who was going to push on further north, and make our way back again. The monsoon was in full blast, and the route we had followed up the Lohit Valley was blocked by the rains; so we kept more to the east, followed up a steep and narrow valley, and eventually crossed over into Burma. We travelled straight down through Burma from north to south, and sometimes found it pretty hard to get hold of any food. At one dismal period we were forced on to a slimming diet of corn-cobs and cucumbers for about a fortnight. We got to Rangoon at the end of November, and I managed to get home in time for Christmas, while Brooks Carrington stayed on in India to take a few more films. Captain Kingdon Ward had been a wonderful leader and companion, and we were very pleased to hear in March that he had had a grand time after he had left us and had been able to do all he had hoped for.

The solicitors of Mr. G. C. Lambros, of 23 Fairview Way, Edgware, Middlesex, have asked us to point out that their client has no connection of any kind with the Lambros referred to in the article entitled 'Suppressing the Drug Traffic', by Russell Pasha, which appeared in our issue of June 20 last.

The National Association of Head Teachers at its recent annual conference at Buxton passed a resolution urging a more progressive attitude on the part of local education authorities towards the introduction of films, broadcasting and other suitable modern inventions into schools.



The Ata Kang Pass (16,000 ft.) where the author had his last view of Kingdon Ward

Illustrations: Derien Leigh-Kaulback



*The Web of Thought and Action—XII*

# The Web is Spun

By Professor H. LEVY

I PROPOSE now to attempt the rather difficult task of collecting together the loose threads that I have had perforce to leave straggling about, as our web has been spun, for limitations of time have made it impossible to follow these up individually. I shall have failed, however, if at the end of it all you cannot see the web for the threads. Our task, put briefly, has been to find a clear route across this web, joining up the strand of thought with the strand of action, by a path along which we seem to be driven by the dynamic of our feelings.

Let us begin by looking at the figures that have flitted across our screen and see what they have stood for, what they have typified, what they have had to tell us. Very roughly speaking, they have fallen into two groups: first those who have much to tell us about Man—his body, his speech, his thinking, his morals and his philosophy, his interpretation of the world; second, those who have told us about the world, its physical structure, the nature of its stellar surroundings, the animals that inhabit and have inhabited the earth, the societies that have arisen and fallen, the machinery that operates in it, what happens to the products of these machines, the economic structure of these societies and the forces that change them. Thus, on the one hand, it has been a study of Man bestraddling the environment he has helped to produce, and on the other hand it has been a study of the World nursing within its bosom the child Man it has helped to shape.

## Man and Matter

I want you particularly to notice this rather sharp separation of the two sets of contributions, because in fact it typifies two sharply differentiated schools of thought in the analysis of the world problem. What is that problem? It is compressed in tabloid form in poor Mr. Everyman who started all this trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Everyman dumped into this ready-made world, doing what they are told, thinking what they are told, amusing themselves as they are told, toiling for the world, in work and out of work, in Church and out of Church, pitchforked about, a prey to anxiety and worry, precariously bringing up children, drudging at home, excited about dog racing and Test matches and sewing meetings, preached at, lectured to, cajoled, victims of propaganda and broadcasting. That is the Everymans, and in our pilgrimage to discover who they are, how they came to be, why they are like that, what they are going to be like, whether they can make themselves different, and whether they will want to make themselves different, we have found ourselves trampling about among masses of question marks. In search of our answer we have been driven from Engineer to Philosopher, from amoeba to the Christian faith, from word magic to bankin<sub>g</sub>.

Remember the contrast—on the one side Man a being by himself, his mind a thing in itself, his thinking a pure process in itself, his morals a set of fixed and unchanging principles, the embodiment of truth and beauty and goodness as things in themselves in the Universe; Man brooding apart, aloof, thinking, striving, trying to live up to these fixed ideals of goodness, while there outside of him, a thing apart, is the world he has to live in, where he has to practise this thinking, these morals, these principles. And so history, science, art, culture, music, literature, all become the achievements of outstanding men of character; history unrolling itself dramatically, unexpectedly, creatively; a history incapable of being understood by scientific law, for it is the product of great minds and the achievements of genius. . . . All that on the one side.

What on the other side? A universe of matter in ceaseless motion, jostling and interacting, passing from nebulae to solid state, in increasing complexity, jostled into matter, differentiating itself as living matter, aggregating to higher levels of complexity to conscious matter, always interfering and being interfered with by its surroundings—conscious matter evolving to living beings, and living beings to Man, the present product of an earth that once formed part of the Sun. Man the child of Mother Earth yet in his turn changing his parent, building social life, passing from simplicity to complexity in social life just as living matter itself had in its time become more and more complex.

## Building Up a Way of Life

On this view the association of human beings into societies passes through phases analogous to those passed through by matter. Presently it becomes conscious of itself, it learns of its own power. It discovers Natural Law and it builds its society on that knowledge. Science, art, literature and morality are forged and created by Man out of the material to hand as he learns to live. Man makes his history as he learns to live and as he outgrows his social customs, not out of an intellectual vacuum, but on the basis of past history, out of what society has accumulated for him as an inheritance. Society becomes a vast storehouse of human achievement ascending to higher and higher levels. In this way he builds up by bitter experience a way of life and therefore a morality and an ethic. As his experience and his knowledge expand, as his science develops and the forces of material nature come more and more under his control, so his thinking becomes a closer and closer reflection of the world of material active reality that is about him. From a study of the laws of material he turns to an examination of the laws of Man in Nature and he sees history as one of the partial processes that must yield to study and examination. History as the story of social change must therefore have its laws like any other appropriate part of the material life. It may be more involved, it may be more complex, it may be more difficult to study, since Man himself who studies it is an essential part of the subject studied, but nevertheless on this basis laws there must be. And just as Man has turned and can turn his knowledge of the scientific laws of material nature, the laws of changing matter, to his advantage as shown through his engineering and the transformations it has effected in social life, so his knowledge of the laws of history and the laws that show themselves in social changes must help him to achieve a still higher level of existence and of understanding and of ethics and of culture.

These are the two standpoints that have shown themselves in these talks. The first I would call a philosophy of Mental and Moral Aristocracy, for thought, truth and goodness stand as absolutes outside and above the evolution of Man. The second is something much more democratic, the theory of evolution elevated into a philosophy extended to cover Man's reactions to the world about him, covering even the temporary philosophies he may erect at any time on the basis of his limited knowledge and understanding. But it is more than that, for it suggests the possibility of a science of living.

## Idealist and Materialist Outlook

The first is the philosophically idealistic outlook, the second that of the philosophically materialist. The first is typified in this series by Dr. Carpenter, the Master of the Temple, who interprets the world as an interplay of good and evil, of right and wrong, and the home of truth and beauty existing 'out there in the world'. The philosophically materialist school on the other hand is typified by the Social Historian who sketched for us a picture of Man's struggle to survive, his construction of social life, and the laws of the changing society he fashioned in that struggle. Truth was tested by practice, and beauty and goodness were his reactions to the world about him, changing as he changed; in fact the world transformed by Man, a part of it. Each of you must weigh it for yourself, as I do it for myself.

On which side does the evidence rest? Let us look, for example, at our scientific men, our physicists, economists, our engineers. To them also the world exists *out there*. They experiment with it, they think about it, they fashion it this way and that. Their minds, their feelings, all their mental and emotional activities seem to stand apart. They deal objectively with the world. Surely this seems to suggest that the mind functions on its own; surely Man is a thing apart. The mind values these things, it selects this or that as of importance in the experiment. Is not thinking then pure, and æsthetic valuation absolute? And if thinking and æsthetics, then why not also an absolute morality? But, wait a moment. Did not the Psychologist show us how interpenetrated was our thinking with our desires and fears? Did the Biologist not assert that ever since Victorian days our



moral condemnation of actions like greed has been transformed by our newer understanding of physiology? Surely even in our own time scientific knowledge has undermined many of our elementary notions of sinfulness. These ideas have penetrated even into our educational methods. We say we are more tolerant, when we mean we are more understanding.

But more than this. Physics, chemistry, engineering and biology are not conducted in a vacuum. They are not simply 'subjects' for thinking about. They are practices. They are practised on us. They have changed the world out of all recognition in two generations. Think of the principal street in your town two generations ago and see it now. Remember the picture the Engineer sketched for us of a world humming with labour-saving devices. Even biology has changed our world, changed our food, and is steadily and drastically changing the size of our population. Associate with this the fact that the Biologist made clear to us how in changing our environment we changed ourselves. Science therefore in altering our environment is altering our make-up and at the same time our moral sensibilities. It does really seem that all the evidence points directly to Man, his thoughts and feelings, developing coherently as a part of the world—not independently of it.

### Biases and What They Signify

Now as a matter of fact let me confess at once that I have deliberately made the distinction between the two standpoints much more clear-cut than it really shows itself in practice. The idealist, although he does in theory rely on his absolutes in thought and in ethics, in practice accepts a great deal of what the materialist urges. He is after all a human being, whose vision and whose practice is coloured by the prevalent habits and customs of the community in which he lives. He sees the struggles men have to face and he makes efforts in his own way to mould the material environment. His way, however, is bound up with his philosophy. Whether it can be permanently effective, therefore, is another matter. In very much the same way the materialist in practice slips easily alongside the idealist in many ways. He also is a human being. He has absorbed many of the moral values prevalent in society and in the stratum of society in which he lives; and therefore what both the idealist and the materialist in practice would call civilised behaviour, in many things is scarcely distinguishable. Neither would deliberately be brutal and unfeeling if conscious of their behaviour—but that is ultimately the point. How conscious are they of their behaviour, how distorted are the glasses they wear, how much has their experience and understanding of the world made them alive to the consequences of their own analysis and to the relative importance they attach to different things? If anything has stood out sharply in these talks it is just this—that the occupation that absorbs the time, attention and energy of an individual during his waking hours provides him:

(1) With a heavily biased inclination to estimate the rest of life very much in terms of the importance he attaches to the things in his restricted world. To the manual worker, for instance, the social problem is mainly one of hours and wages, to the manufacturer it is one of markets, to the member of the Stock Exchange it is a financial problem, to the clergyman a moral problem, to the scientist mainly a scientific problem. And therefore—

(2) With a method of analysis which, while it offers information, offers it necessarily in biased form. He may see the trees but he may not see the wood.

Now the Clinical Psychologist offered a clue to the problem, in one sense, of redressing this bias. He stressed the need for what he called 'reality thinking', becoming aware of the nature of our coloured glasses and becoming aware of how they have come to be. What he was suggesting in fact was what is also widely known as 'thinking dialectically'. I cannot say that, speaking for myself, his method of probing the unconscious would necessarily have done this job completely. A bias may be brought from unconsciousness into consciousness; in becoming conscious it will become different. It will become different in the sense that a knowledge of its existence will change our mode of life and our philosophy of life—and may change it considerably. But we have also to understand whence this bias springs. Is there any meaning in the statement that it comes simply from the individual? Man lives in an environment and what he does, he does in response to that environment. If he has a bias it has arisen in his efforts to live, to work out a law of life for himself. He is hemmed in on all sides by matter and by society—other human beings. He has to understand the interplay between the laws of matter, the laws of society

and himself, and in doing so will become fully conscious of his biases and what they signify.

### The Significance of 'Laws'

Now let me clear up this question of laws. We are accustomed to think of scientific laws, like the Law of Gravitation, as something imposed on the universe from outside. I prefer to think of them as the way in which the behaviour of matter as it goes through its changes shows itself, and how this behaviour can be analysed and understood and used. It doesn't sound very different but the difference is significant.

For if we take this view we need not cramp our understanding of the world by restricting ourselves to dead material things—lumps of rock or planets or electrons. If there were a validity in the law of supply and demand, for example, it would assert that groups of people behave in relation to what is produced and consumed, in a particular way. The law is a statement of their behaviour; but notice it is again not something imposed from outside, but is a law actually brought into being by the people themselves. The individuals to whom the law applies in the aggregate bring this law into existence. They make the law come true. That is what I have meant when I have said frequently in this series of talks that ordinary scientific laws are discovered by human beings while social laws are brought into existence by human beings. All social laws are like that.

So when I talk of social laws I am talking of the way in which groups in society behave, and the way in which such behaviour can be analysed, and the way in which predictions can be made on the basis of such an analysis. But notice, please, that a law of nature does not simply operate—just like that—it occurs or shows itself in a situation, and one may use it not only to predict what something will do, but also to make that thing do it. Within limits the engine-driver may make the *Flying Scotsman* take a certain time to run from Edinburgh to London. He may use its laws to make the time-table prediction come true. So also, if we can understand social laws and if we can achieve sufficient control to guide society in the appropriate way consistent with its laws, we may build up something worth while—consistent with its possibilities. But to do this implies analysing the behaviour of society to see the laws it exhibits.

Now please note also that just as there are scientific laws for matter and social laws for groups of individuals, so there are individual laws for individuals. That is what we mean when we say So-and-so is such-and-such a kind of person: he's difficult or he's easy to get on with and so on; he has his likes and dislikes, his biases, and his ideals and aspirations; he thinks in a characteristic way, that is to say he analyses a problem in a characteristic way; he is easily stirred, his feelings are aroused quickly or slowly—certain things, in fact, stir him—he likes doing certain things. The laws of behaviour of an individual, then, are exhibited in his thoughts, his feelings and his actions, and an examination of these will show up his biases. The greater part of this we can all do for ourselves, even if we have coloured glasses, and we will begin to see much more clearly than before, and much more objectively, precisely the kind of biases we have. You can, if you care, carry this analysis even further. You can proceed to discover how precisely you acquired these habits of thought, why you are so easily aroused over certain matters, and precisely what desire it is that is gratified by the actions you take.

Now where does all this get us? In point of fact it brings us back to the two philosophical schools of thought from which we started. Think of it this way—the universe in which we are can have the behaviour of parts of it analysed up into three types of laws.

(1) Laws of Matter and things derived from matter like heat, electricity, and light, for instance. These are the ordinary laws of science. These laws are discovered by scientific investigation.

(2) Laws of Societies—these are biological and sociological in their nature, like the Theory of Evolution; they tell us how groups of people behave and the changes through which society runs. That type of law we have had expounded for us by the Social Historian.

(3) Laws of Individuals, of the type I have just discussed. They are much more the province of the Psychologist. Remember, of course, that I am not using law in the narrow sense of something imposed from without but as something exhibited in behaviour.

There you have them—Laws of Matter, Social Laws, Individual Laws, and we can see the schools of philosophy in relation to these. It shows itself in terms of what they conceive can be



done by a knowledge and understanding of these laws. Those who hold that the universe behaves entirely according to mechanical laws, that it is simply a vast machine driven by laws outside itself, are Mechanists. They would be classed with Materialists, were it not for the fact that they suppose all laws are imposed on the universe from without and therefore are left with a mysterious Order in Nature they cannot explain away. With them nothing can be done. I have never met a rigid Mechanist, in practice.

Those who hold that the whole weight in guiding society must be concentrated on the individual, and that it suffices to place before him a set of unchanging moral principles to which he, as an individual, must strive, are the Idealists. The world will be built aright through direct individual regeneration; given this, social laws will adjust themselves; so it is maintained.

The Philosophical Materialist, on the other hand, asserts that a knowledge of all three types of law is essential, but that they have a particular relative importance. We must know of the laws of matter—we must know of the laws of social change, in order to guide society forward consciously. What society can do is restricted on the one hand by the scientific material it has at its command or it can bring into being, and on the other hand by the human material, the individuals out of which it has to fashion society.

### Necessity for Conscious Control

Now I am sure that to many of you this sort of sociological philosophy must seem very much in the air. What can it matter to us, you may say, whether those in whose hands we leave the building up of our social life are idealist or materialist, scientific or not? Surely they know where they are going? But do they? Is it conceivable that the world-wide chaos is deliberate? Surely not. That is why I was so surprised when the Politician in this series asserted that there were no laws of society. He used a

'trained instinct'. That is certainly not a controlled and scientific understanding of society. Does it not look much more like the sort of 'dodge 'em' playground in the fun fair where children drive small motor-cars that career about all over the place, bumping together, and when bumping seems inevitable hang straining at the steering-wheel at the last moment to avoid the crash? Are they going anywhere in particular? Is it the motor-car that is driving them? Unfortunately, there is much more at stake than the crash of toy cars. There is the future for our children. Yes, and even the future of the human race. For the society we have developed has called into being scientific possibilities for good or ill that in the near future may certainly lead to Man's undoing. It is futile to assert simply that while the material forces of Man have marched forward with increasing speed, his moral or spiritual nature has not kept pace. There is no such pace to keep. It is simply a question whether Man will march forward in intelligent and orderly formation, knowing at any rate the direction in which he desires to move, or whether he shall be one of a disorderly riotous mob trampling the weaker underfoot. Civilisation is conscious control of the future; anything less is barbarism.

Is there an easy solution to it all? The Engineer was certainly right when he sketched for us the material possibilities an intelligent social use of science might call forth. He was certainly right when he pointed a future of leisure and of understanding and of culture as a real possibility on the basis of our present knowledge of how to control natural forces. All this is true, but it will remain a mere vision if it cannot be brought to realisation, and to bring it to realisation means sociological understanding and having the power to control and guide the forces of society. It means predicting the next higher level of social life, and working consciously for it. That is a political question, but it is one whose solution will be found to involve the philosophical issues I have sketched in these talks.

## Science in the Making *How to Tame Dragons*

By GERALD HEARD

I WAS taken round those gigantic fossil reptiles at South Kensington Museum the other day. I was shown how these strange experiments from Life's workshop—though some of them were the size of a small submarine—had brains not larger than a horse-radish. That is odd. But it is even odder to find that the largest of these super-lizards had beside a skull-brain two other brains: one between his shoulders and another between his hips. What sort of mind could he have had? We were told in one of the broadcast talks, on the nervous system, that these lizards were so slow in the uptake that if you'd pricked them with a pin on the end of their long tails you ought to have been able to get away safely before they realised what you had been up to. But now I'm not so sure. Perhaps this creature might, as Americans say, have shot from the hip, and knocked you out by using that more-on-the-spot brain, while headquarters went on munching, no more aware that it was being troubled than the study knows that the backdoor is being answered. At least the fact that this reptile had three brains of a sort does make the problem of what its mind can have been, and how it made it up, very complicated. 'Ah, but it wasn't conscious at all,' say some people; 'it simply acted on reflexes'—that is, it twitched and snapped like a trap snaps when you touch the trigger. Well, we shall never know. These fascinating, if awkward, forms of life cleared off more than one hundred million years ago. But they did leave one or two distant relations lurking in little-visited places, and we can study these. There are reptile-dragons living today. Have they minds or feelings? They certainly have very small and low brains. While I was in the Museum I was also taken to see one of these, the Komodo Dragon which has just been preserved. For you probably saw that the Zoo lately suffered the loss of one of its real dragons. It had lived with us since 1927. It came from its Javanese jungle with a terrible reputation. It was indeed a dragon, armoured, weaponed, untameable. However, when it arrived it went to school under Miss Proctor, a naturalist who certainly deserved the much abused name of genius. For she could get on with snakes and reptiles about as quickly as we get on with puppies and kittens. The Komodo Dragon also warmed to her. And before she died she had made this unprecedented bridge between dragon and man. With his keeper the monster used

to go for a constitutional every morning in the gardens. But, though quite friendly, he was too stupid to learn arbitrary rules. He could not be taught to keep off the grass. He failed to realise that the flower-beds were for show and not—as was obvious to him—a daintily served vegetable salad. It is little use trying to hold back with a string a creature weighing a couple of hundredweights when it really wants to do a thing. Henceforward, then, he had to take his walks round the reptile house while the snakes and crocodiles were having their beds made before the public reception begins. Well, he followed his brilliant teacher out of this world. He died of a heart attack (one wouldn't expect that in a cold-blooded animal) but not before he had shown that, though he was a reptile and might be very stupid, yet these limitations did not debar him from being a gentle and pleasant person with his human friends.

So evidently intelligence and amiability need not be tied too closely together—a comforting reflection for most of us. You can have sensibility even though you have little sense. That, I think, raises perhaps the most interesting question about life and all its manifestations. For we have always taken for granted that the less sharp you were the more brutal you must be. So we have the popular picture of 'Nature Red in Tooth and Claw'; of 'Dragons of the Prime, which tear each other in their Slime'; and, more up to date, but no more encouraging, the picture of cave man, always clubbing his neighbour and pommelling his family. And that so-called scientific picture has very practical results. Worse results, I think, than any cinema with its story of vamps and gangsters. Look at Bernhardt saying in 1914 that the Darwinian 'struggle to survive' meant that Germany must have war. Look at Mussolini saying that war is to man what motherhood is to woman—a law of Nature and Life. Such sweeping generalisations are based on what Mussolini honestly thinks biologists have discovered. I believe that is the science not of today but of yesterday. No animal is so set, and slow and instinct-bound as a reptile, and between its race and ours is a profound repugnance. Even a restless little monkey, shown the other day a film of snakes, ceased to fidget, sat literally spellbound for twenty minutes until the sight was too much and it turned to where the screen was out of sight. Yet, we have seen, Miss Proctor could take snakes and the old dragon itself, and by



sympathy, which goes so much deeper than sense, make them understand that they were among friends. And once they realised that, they themselves became friendly. And this triumph of what we may call the New Naturalism is not confined to reptiles. It is spreading up through the whole of our study and understanding of animals.

Last year I met a scientist who was training as a geneticist but who had taken up the study of animals' minds and had trained among other forbidding beasts even hyenas. His recipe was simple—if heroic. He said you must never be frightened of the animal. You must always be perfectly patient. It attacks because it does not understand and thinks you must be hostile. But how

it is raised to capacities it otherwise would never touch. And doesn't this work throw a beam of light on to our outlook on the whole of life? We have been too defeatist, too certain that nature had set everything hard. 'You can never change Instinct'. 'You can never change Human Nature': how often these phrases are used to excuse brutality, cowardice, hopelessness. All this latest work suggests, I believe, that they are untrue. If you can change a beast's nature, if even that is not set hard by instinct, it is criminal nonsense to say you can't change human nature. If (of course it is a big If) you have the courage really to understand—and by understanding one means also that intuitive understanding which is sympathy—then we have yet to find the beast which can resist that force.

But surely all evolution has been by the strongest and toughest pushing the weakest to the wall? The latest researches throw increasing doubt on that. Those giant

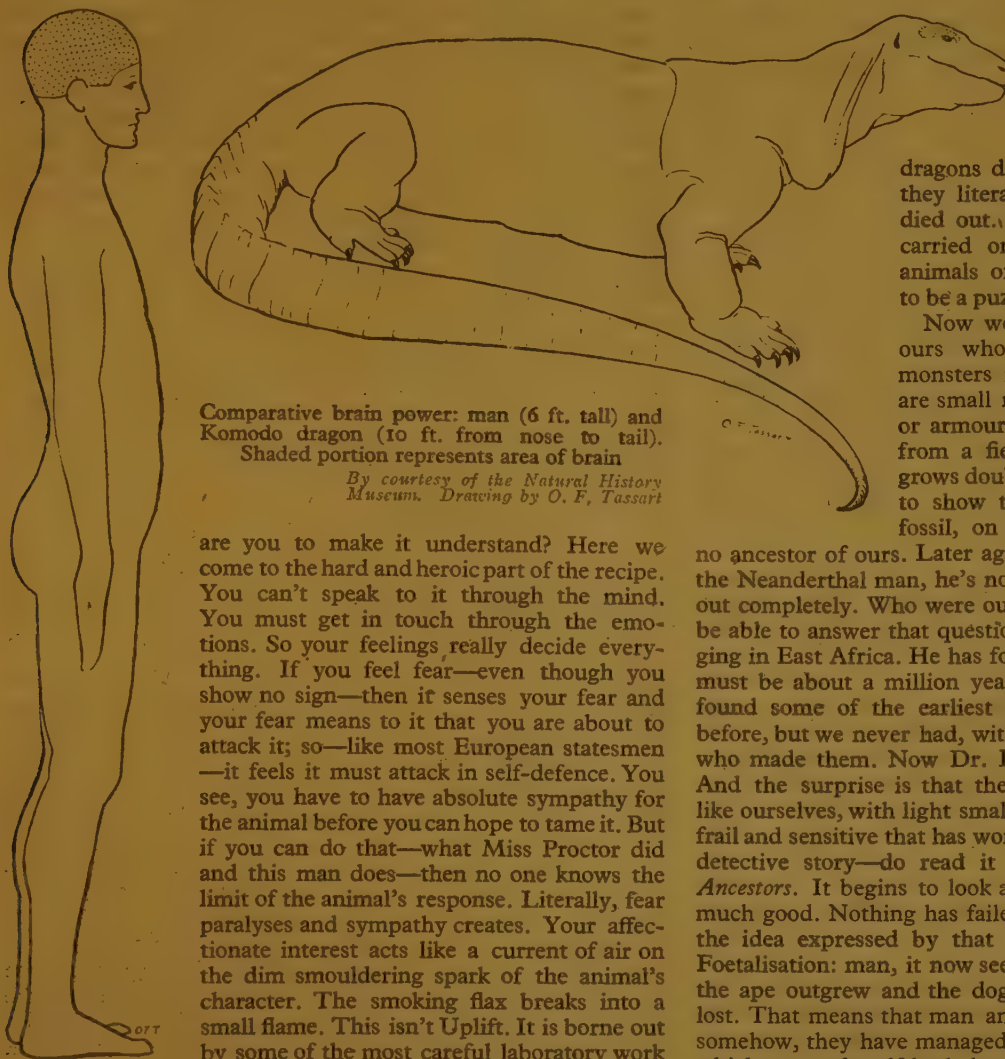
dragons did not have to arm themselves—they literally sprouted bayonets. Yet they died out. And what was the animal which carried on, what beast gave rise to the animals of today and ourselves? That used to be a puzzle.

Now we have found those ancestors of ours who beat the great armour-plated monsters in the struggle to survive. They are small rat-like creatures—without thaws or armour. But surely man himself springs from a fierce, gorilla-like ape? That, too, grows doubtful. All the latest research tends to show that the gorilla is only a living fossil, on the way to extinction, certainly

no ancestor of ours. Later again, the beetle-browed cave man, the Neanderthal man, he's no ancestor. He and his breed died out completely. Who were our ancestors? We are beginning to be able to answer that question since Dr. Leakey started digging in East Africa. He has found deposits which experts agree must be about a million years old. In those deposits he has found some of the earliest stone tools. We have had these before, but we never had, with the tools, the bones of the men who made them. Now Dr. Leakey has begun to find them. And the surprise is that these early stone-age men were men like ourselves, with light small bones. Again, you see, it is the frail and sensitive that has won in the struggle. It is such a good detective story—do read it in Dr. Leakey's book *Adam's Ancestors*. It begins to look as though brutal strength was not much good. Nothing has failed like ruthless efficiency. That is the idea expressed by that new notion of Evolution called Foetalisation: man, it now seems clear, is the baby form which the ape outgrew and the dog is the baby form the wolf also lost. That means that man and dog are man and dog because, somehow, they have managed to remain in the child-like stage which ape and wolf both lose. In fact you can only advance if you keep supple, receptive, sensitive. Harden up and you are beginning to fossilise. If you would solve Life's problem you must feel acutely. It is painful, but it is the only way. As in O. Henry's terrible story, the hand must have its nails cut to the quick if it is to feel how to pick the lock. Dare to feel—that, in a phrase, seems life's challenge and its secret. Yes, I know we've ended with a moral, but at least it's not one of the cold sort. Perhaps, even, it may help thaw out some of the icy suspicion which at present has the world in its grip. If sympathy works with beasts, mightn't it work with men?

We regret an unfortunate printers' error in the italics note at the head of the talk on 'What Italy is Reading', which appeared in our last issue. Chevalier Tullio Sambucetti should have been described as Secretary of the Friends of Italy Movement.

The National Trust scheme for the preservation of the Buttermere Valley, as described in a note in our issue of June 20, demands £12,500 for its fulfilment. The Trust is entirely dependent on private subscription, and it is therefore necessary that all who are interested in the preservation of the valley should make every effort to send a contribution as soon as possible. These should be addressed to The Secretary, The National Trust, 7 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1.



Comparative brain power: man (6 ft. tall) and Komodo dragon (10 ft. from nose to tail). Shaded portion represents area of brain

By courtesy of the Natural History Museum. Drawing by O. F. Tassart

are you to make it understand? Here we come to the hard and heroic part of the recipe. You can't speak to it through the mind. You must get in touch through the emotions. So your feelings, really decide everything. If you feel fear—even though you show no sign—then it senses your fear and your fear means to it that you are about to attack it; so—like most European statesmen—it feels it must attack in self-defence. You see, you have to have absolute sympathy for the animal before you can hope to tame it. But if you can do that—what Miss Proctor did and this man does—then no one knows the limit of the animal's response. Literally, fear paralyses and sympathy creates. Your affectionate interest acts like a current of air on the dim smouldering spark of the animal's character. The smoking flax breaks into a small flame. This isn't Uplift. It is borne out by some of the most careful laboratory work lately done on monkeys. Dr. Klüver in the

United States has demonstrated that even the most scatter-brained of all the monkeys, the South American monkeys, can be taught to use tools. This discovery marks a revolution in our exploration of the sub-human minds. It was thought that only an ape could do such a thing. Monkeys, it was certain, were far too low. But how it was done is even more important than the actual doing of it. Dr. Klüver discovered that the more care you took not to upset your monkey in the slightest possible way the more the limitation of fear lifted, and the tiny brain grew to attempt things it could never have done either by itself in the wild or disturbed by a rigorous impatient attention. Then there is the work of the Doctors Kellog on the chimpanzee which these psychologists brought up with their own child. Here, again, under constant human affection, it broke out of the rut of apedom and began to walk across the gap which we have assumed must always separate Ape and Man. Surely all this work converges on one point. It shows how even beasts have in them capacities which can raise them far above the bestial, that they can respond in quite unsuspected ways to opportunity. And it shows also that that opportunity is sympathy. It shows that sympathy is a power far greater and far more extensive than argument or any of the methods of conscious intelligence. For not only does it let us get into touch with creatures we can never hope to speak to—it is not merely a greater power of communication—it is a power of creation. The beast is not only roused:



# Discussing Europe's Broadcasting Problems

By Vice-Admiral SIR CHARLES CARPENDALE

**L**'UNION INTERNATIONALE DE RADIODIFFUSION, or the U.I.R., as it is called for short, was started in the spring of 1925, when the European wavelength situation was already acute. To describe the situation of those days it would be better to say 'chaotic'. It is still acute in these days, but it certainly cannot be said to be chaotic. And the reduction of chaos to order has been the work of the U.I.R. The first meeting was in London in March, 1925, and in a very short time our permanent Secretarial Office was established at Geneva—nothing to do with the League, but Geneva just happened to be suitable. Mr. Arthur Burrows, till then Director of Programmes of the B.B.C., was appointed to the position of Secretary-General of the Union, which he still holds.

Some years later we set up, at Brussels, the now famous wavelength-checking station which has achieved such excellent results in the way of keeping broadcasting stations steady on their waves. This station is controlled by M. Raymond Brailard, who is also President of the Technical Commission of the Union. At this station every night accurate measurements of all the broadcasting transmitters in Europe are made and plotted and distributed to members, thus showing when anyone has wandered off his wavelength.

The Union began as a wholly private Union of broadcasting organisations, and that is still its legal status. True, since 1929 it has become more or less semi-official. That is, it has been nominated in the Protocol of Prague, 1929, and the Convention of Lucerne, 1933, as the expert adviser to the European governments collectively in matters of broadcasting technique. But, with all that, the Union consists, as it always has, of broadcasting organisations *as such*. They may be state-run; *e.g.* Germany; or state-chartered, *e.g.* the B.B.C.; or private, as the Spanish Union-Radio; but the criterion of membership is that the candidate is a *bona fide* broadcasting organisation.

The formal structure of the Union is easily described. Each country is represented on the Council by one delegate from its broadcasting organisations. We meet about three times a year in various countries. The Council appoints four Commissions, who deal with the Technical side, the Legal side, Programmes and Relaying. The Technical Commission is the one about which the public hears most. It is composed of technicians from various broadcasting organisations, who deal with all matters of wavelengths, electrical interference, and a host of other technical problems which affect your programmes and enable you to get good reception.

A great deal of work goes on in between our regular meetings. The permanent office in Geneva is fully occupied circulating useful information about broadcasting that is of general interest to members, and assembling for members data about all sorts of things that will help them in their respective countries. It may sound dull, but statistics showing how the various countries divide up their programme-time between serious music, talks, dance music, plays, etc., are of value. There are many problems such as copyright that we never cease to study—the attitude of the entertainment industry, artists, gramophone companies, etc. This is the sort of difficulty we are up against: suppose a piece of music is barred for broadcasting in Holland, but allowed for broadcasting in England, and suppose a hotel-keeper in Holland picks up the British transmission and gives it by loudspeaker to his restaurant audience, has he broken the law or not? Broadcasting is so universal in its scope that everything is grist to the mill of the Union Office at Geneva, which with its small staff has to cope with every kind of subject and make contacts with all sorts of people.

Some time ago the various authorities—that is, the Governments—allotted certain bands in the ether for special purposes, *i.e.* to the Navy, the Army, the Air Force, Mercantile Marine, and so on. The amount allotted for broadcasting was very roughly between 200 and 600 metres, and between 1400 and 1900 metres. Now that, in the good old days—seven or eight years ago—was sufficient to carry all the European stations and to admit of their being separated from each other sufficiently to avoid interference. This first plan was drawn up by

the Union in 1925. Since then, stations have grown up everywhere, and the transmitting power has increased enormously.

We had a World Conference at Madrid two years ago, to re-allocate the ether. Everybody claimed that they must have more room, and actually broadcasting did benefit a little, the long-wave bands having been extended somewhat, as well as our being allowed to share certain of them with the Air Force under special restricted conditions. The follow-up to this Conference was a European Conference in May and June, 1933, at Lucerne, where for six weeks an effort was made to fit in all the Stations recently come into being—some into the medium-wave band, and some into the long-wave band. In the medium-wave band this was done by squeezing everybody in much closer up to the bare limit of non-interference, and by choosing neighbours carefully, *i.e.* not too close geographically; and also sharing a large number of the waves between stations widely separated geographically. For instance, London Regional is placed between Morocco and Austria, and Algiers shares with Goteborg in Sweden, Barcelona shares with a Russian station, and so on.

In the long-wave band things were much more difficult. There were too many claimants for the very limited number of waves available. Big countries like Spain, Rumania, Russia, Poland, Norway, etc., had to be fitted in over and above the original tenants—England, France, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Denmark and so on. There are only about ten good places available in this band, if the requisite separation is maintained, but in order to try to meet everyone's claims, the final Plan was a compromise, arrived at by getting in more countries than the band could really hold. Hence some had bad neighbours—that is to say, those who were too close together geographically; and others were at too close a separation in actual wavelengths from their neighbours. But it was felt to be better than nothing, which appeared to be the only alternative after six weeks' hard work. Ultimately twenty countries signed the Convention and six refused to sign. The situation with regard to the non-signatories is not satisfactory: some are on their new wave allocation and others are squeezing themselves in between stations who have received definite allocations, and causing interference. It is gradually getting better, however, and we hope that those who have not signed will finally adopt the Lucerne Plan.

Imagine three or four delegates from the B.B.C. going off to one of our conferences on the Continent. Eventually we—the 'Brigade Anglaise'—settle down in the Blue Train or the Golden Arrow, or the Mitropa, or the Rheingold—isn't that a lovely name for a train! At Paris or maybe Brussels or Basel or Nürnberg, old friends from France or Germany or Norway join up—conversation of the 'cheerio' kind soon, and without effort, shades into informal business talk, which goes on far into the night.

The Conference itself begins work on the morning after arrival. It may only last five or six working days, or as many as fifteen or sixteen, depending on the volume of business and the urgency of obtaining agreed decisions on it. Much useful work is very often conducted in quite informal surroundings, such as over a cocktail or during excursions. And those excursions! . . . A Sunday morning at the Gornergrat above Zermatt, overlooking the Glacier and across to one of the most stupendous panoramas in Europe; a whole day on the lakes near Berlin, among the little yachts, the swimmers and the holiday crowds; the strange height of Montserrat in Catalonia, and its monastery, reputed the home of the Holy Grail; a trip in Holland to that vast new dam enclosing the Zuider Zee; a visit to the recent reclamation work of the ruins of ancient Rome; an interesting and singular contrast of ancient and modern when, from the battlefield above Vienna where the last Turkish attack on Europe was repulsed, we passed to the great block of flats, the Karl Marx Hof, which has witnessed a more recent struggle. I can only hope, but with diffidence, that the excursions that we in our turn were able to offer to the delegates of the London meeting recently may have kept up the average of enjoyment and added something to the variety of these experiences.



*In Trouble—X*

# Is Punishment a Crime?

A Discussion between Dr. HAMBLIN SMITH and Sir ARNOLD WILSON, M.P.

*Dr. Hamblin Smith, late Medical Officer at His Majesty's Prison at Birmingham, discusses with Sir Arnold Wilson, ex-Chairman of the Industrial Health Research Board, modern methods of dealing with the social offender*

**D**R. HAMBLIN SMITH: It is a fair subject of debate whether punishment, which is supposed to exist for the benefit of the community, does not, in fact, inflict damage upon that community.

**SIR ARNOLD WILSON:** But surely one of the objects of punishment is to do men good. We care less today for revenge than for helping a man to save himself from an unworthy life.

**SMITH:** I do not think that there is evidence that punishment does benefit the individual. Rather the reverse. My experience goes to show that punishment usually has a harmful effect upon the person to whom it is applied, and produces in him a sense of resentment and bitterness against the community which has dealt with him, as he thinks, unjustly. There is no such thing as a 'criminal class'. Criminals vary as much as persons who have not been guilty of offences, and are actuated by precisely similar motives. There is much evidence which shows that we are becoming dissatisfied with the results produced by punishment, and that we do not regard it with the favour which we used to. Many brutal punishments have been abolished. The conditions of prison life have, during recent years, been made much better. Sentences are definitely shorter; and Courts, indeed, try to avoid the passing of a sentence of imprisonment, preferring to deal with the offender in some other manner, as, for instance, by placing him on probation.

**WILSON:** But are offences rarer?

**SMITH:** Yes, I certainly think there is not the same amount of serious crime proportionately to the population of the country as there was, say, fifty years ago.

**WILSON:** Do you think that is due to the shorter sentences, or is it because things are better, and life not so hard?

**SMITH:** I think it is a result of a general improvement in conditions and better education and so on.

**WILSON:** In other words, from your point of view the Courts have done little to stop crime?

**SMITH:** That is my view.

**WILSON:** On the whole I agree, but I also claim that fresh ideas and new ways of handling a new generation are succeeding. For example, there is no crime today, except murder, for which a man may not be placed on probation.

**SMITH:** I think the way in which probation is administered in many Courts, which has the effect of practically allowing the offender to think that he is allowed a first offence, has been an unfortunate result of the Probation Act. Probation is not, or should not be, merely a way of giving an offender another chance. It should always be coupled with well-designed measures of rehabilitation, that is of making him a more social being.

**WILSON:** Not many Courts are slack about probation. Those who know what goes on in the police courts would be the first to say how hard magistrates and judges, police and probation officers, try to make a success of the system. The figures published recently by the Home Office prove it; and show that the older the man the less likely he is to get into trouble again.

**SMITH:** I did not wish at all to suggest that magistrates or probation officers were careless in their administration of probation, but the point that I want to make is that probation is very often applied without any consideration of the personality of the offender to whom it is applied. If you are going to devise proper methods of rehabilitation you must examine the offender before putting him on probation as you should do before sending him to prison. The fact is that we are faced with the absence of any consistent theory of punishment. We have punished offenders for thousands of years, and we might suppose that there was some general agreement as to the objects of punishment. Actually, there is no subject upon which people differ more fundamentally. If you doubt this statement, ask the views of a few of your friends. Is punishment to be looked upon as a retribution, as an attempt to redress the damage supposed to be caused by the offence, to get even with the offender? We are faced with the impossibility of determining the precise amount of harm which has been done to society by the offence. Even if we could do that, we should still remain in uncertainty as to the amount of suffering which should be

inflicted upon the offender; and the suffering produced by punishment varies enormously with the individual who is punished. We see this uncertainty when we look at the sentences which are awarded by our Courts.

**WILSON:** Well, it was always a toss-up at school, and it is much the same in Court; men differ. All the same, the sentences of Courts are the carefully-weighed verdicts of men who regard their duties as a kind of ministry and never for a moment forget their responsibilities.

**SMITH:** It is difficult to believe that the sentences awarded by Courts can be regarded, even by those who impose them, as anything more than the roughest approximation to a penalty for the offender's moral guilt or for the amount of damage which he has caused by his offence. Sentences too obviously depend upon the individual views of the judge or magistrate. But had I my way, I would confine the functions of the Court to the decision as to the guilt or innocence of the person before it, leaving the treatment awarded to that person to be decided by an independent board of investigators.

**WILSON:** Who will they be?

**SMITH:** A part of the Board must certainly consist of skilled and experienced psychologists.

**WILSON:** And how will they get skill and experience?

**SMITH:** I trust that psychologists are not quite so rare as you seem to suggest, and I think that once the obligation to employ these persons is recognised there will be a due supply of them ready to perform the duties.

**WILSON:** Why not make them judges straight away, or send all magistrates and judges to a school of psychology?

**SMITH:** I should certainly be in favour of psychological training for judges and magistrates, but until that can be done, you must remember that the investigating function of the Court, the question of deciding on the man's guilt or innocence, is quite distinct from the sentencing function—the function, that is, of deciding what should be done to, or rather for, the man. I wish to do away with our present plan of dealing with the offender on the basis of one particular offence which he has committed. That is often quite an unimportant matter. I should wish to deal with the man only after the full consideration of his personality and his environment.

**WILSON:** There have been times in my life—in fact, in the lives of most of us—when I should have been sorry to be punished for what I was, although seldom for what I had done. Suppose a man gets run in by a constable for, let us say, playing football on the high road to the annoyance of the public, contrary to the Highway Act of 1835, and the psychologist discovers that he catches rabbits on his neighbour's land, that he has betting slips on him and that he has sold an Irish sweep ticket and has played cards for money in a railway carriage and with his friends in a corner of a public common, and sometimes buys a glass of milk and some tobacco after eight o'clock. The sentence of the Court would be pretty severe, and there are a lot of us like that.

**SMITH:** That, I think, is a fair illustration of what I mean. You cannot deal with the man satisfactorily until such time as you have considered what he really is and not what he has done in that particular instance. There is another point which we must not lose sight of. The result of imprisonment on a man in most cases is to inflict a very grave injury indeed upon his, presumably, innocent family, and, further, the fact that he has been in prison is a very difficult thing to conceal altogether and fellow-workmen and others will certainly, in most cases, know about it.

**WILSON:** Must we not try to educate public opinion not to treat a man who has been found out as an outcast? If those people who know a man who has been in prison would remember that if they can show to him that he is back again in a friendly world and that his pals and, above all, the boss will give him a fair chance, that would have a moral effect, greater perhaps than any change in the law.

**SMITH:** Yes. But that change of public spirit is exactly the thing which would coincide with the change in the attitude of the law to crime which I have been trying to put forward.



Were we to look upon the ex-prisoner with real forgiveness, then a great part of our present troubles would be solved. At present punishment is justified on account of its deterrent effect upon the offender and upon others. I think there can be no doubt that the possibility of punishment may deter, and I do not propose to argue that point. But we are faced with the fact that punishment often does not deter, and even such deterrent power as it possesses may be purchased at too high a price. The deterrent effect of punishment rests upon fear. And of all the evils which have cursed mankind fear is quite the worst.

WILSON: Fear of what? Fear of being found out. Found out doing what? How many people realise the number of petty offences for which men and boys are daily punished? Only a fortnight ago, for example—and you will forgive my starting a fresh hare—I saw in a country paper that four boys were seen by a hidden plain-clothes policeman in a shady corner of a local common playing 'points', which is a game of cards; there was threepence in the pool. That was enough for the constable. He jumped out and charged them under the Vagrancy Act of 1825 with gaming in a public place. They protested that they did not know they were doing wrong; a week later they were fined half-a-crown each, which was all their pocket money for a week, and were told they would be much more seriously dealt with if they ever appeared again. They were doing in that shady corner of the Downs what almost every man and woman in England does in the privacy of his home. But these boys had no home in which they could play cards. That is the sort of offence we are creating daily, the fear of committing which drives men into a sort of passive indifference and general lack of enterprise. I am all for reforming that sort of law. There are 18,800 punished every year for that sort of thing and if some folk had their way there would be ten times as many.

SMITH: Yes. But my point was that fear as a motive is an exceedingly evil thing. Apart from its deterrent effect, it is urged that punishment may be reformatory. I do not believe that punishment ever reforms in itself, unless it is voluntarily sought and freely submitted to, which does not often happen as far as legal punishment is concerned. The usual result of punishment is definitely damaging to the person punished. What people generally mean when they talk about reformatory punishment today is putting a man in prison, and when they have got him there, taking steps to reform him. But the offender may not want to reform, and he looks upon the reformatory measures as part of the prison routine. The reformatory measures could be more effective and less expensive if they were not linked up with the idea of punishment.

WILSON: My own impression, drawn both from personal experience, for I was often beaten at school, and from visits to several different prisons, as well as from personal acquaintance with men who have been in prison, is more favourable than yours, but that is generally the case. Doctors, by the very nature of their profession, see the worst cases, and laymen like myself, normally speaking, see the more favourable side. For example, I have in my hands a human document, an account of his life written specially for me by a young man who got into trouble five years ago and is now doing well. 'I came out of prison with an entirely new attitude towards society. Once again I had normal views about life and realised that the only way to go through the world was to be honest. There must be thousands of men in this country who have been to gaol only once and who find themselves as a result of the time spent in prison. I am one of that multitude'.

SMITH: I must say, after 33 years' experience as a prison medical officer, that such instances of reform are quite exceptional.

WILSON: Do you include the Home Office schools in your criticism?

SMITH: I have had no experience of the results in Home Office schools. My experience has been solely in prison, and in that connection, of course, I admit the force of your criticism that it is the worst cases that I have seen.

WILSON: The reports of Home Office schools is that nine youths out of ten who are sent there never get into trouble again, and leave the school, in fact, much better equipped for life than they would have done had they not been 'caught young'.

SMITH: Don't forget that detention in a Home Office school, like a sentence to Borstal, is not intended as punishment.

WILSON: I know it is true. Anyone who visits a Home Office school realises it at once, but old ideas die hard.

SMITH: They do. But it is *punishment* that we are talking about. When we punish, we are really prompted, as the offen-

der himself is prompted, by unconscious motives. The reasons which we give for punishment are examples of the process known as rationalisation, of seeking for explanations of our actions which we do not understand. This is an important psychological point, and obviously I cannot explain it in detail now. But it comes to this. The mental conflicts which occur in all of us produce a strong feeling of our own guilt which urgently demands punishment; and this demand may be satisfied by the punishment of an offender, who is used as a kind of 'whipping-boy' for faults which are really our own.

WILSON: I know what you mean. I always preferred to be caned when I had done anything which I knew to be wrong, because I felt that a sort of almost literal red line was drawn at the foot of my account in the book of life and I could start again with a clean sheet. The offence, if only the public would recognise it, is wiped out by punishment promptly awarded, if it is fair.

SMITH: If we could always be certain of that, a good deal of my objection to punishment would disappear, but, as I pointed out earlier, it cannot be done.

WILSON: What is your remedy? Have you any definite scheme?

SMITH: No. I have no cut-and-dried scheme ready for immediate application which would put a stop to all crime. But I am sure that we are on quite wrong lines in our conception and treatment of crime. The motto of the modern criminologist is 'Not punishment, but investigation with a view to prevention and treatment'. We shall gain control over the social disease known as crime when, and only when, we adopt the plan which has proved so effective in obtaining control over infectious and other diseases. Much crime is occasioned by mental conflicts. It is the difficult child, the so-called problem child, who becomes, later, the criminal or the neurotic patient. I am sure that no fully adjusted person ever commits serious crime. Long experience in the investigation of prisoners has made me sure of that. A great extension of child and adult guidance clinics would do much to prevent crime.

WILSON: I doubt whether the most highly qualified psychologist can in the long run reform a man. Change must come from the inside. As the 49th Psalm says: 'No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him. He must let that alone forever'. Teach self-reliance. Strengthen the individual. Show the child and the young man he is living in a friendly world, even after he has slipped and fallen. The psychologist can do something, but the man in the street, and still more the young woman, can do a great deal more.

SMITH: Exactly. It is just those better ideals to which you have so eloquently referred which are the things we should endeavour to cultivate. We must remember, too, that a good deal of crime is due to economic factors. When we deal with our actual offender, we must not content ourselves with serving out punishment to him on the basis of the particular anti-social act which he may have committed. Only when we have fully investigated his personality and his environment shall we be in a position to suggest the right form of treatment. My ideal Court would deal with no case until it had the fullest possible information as regards that case; and it would lose its hold on the case only when everything possible had been done for it.

WILSON: That is exactly what the law aims at today.

SMITH: Of course, it may be that we shall find a certain number of persons who cannot, by any means, be made to fit in with the demands of society. We shall have to segregate such persons for as long a time as may be necessary. But this will be done not as punishment, but for the same reasons as those for which we now segregate insane persons—that is, because they are dangers to society. And I don't think we need fear that these methods would result in pampering offenders. Probably many offenders would rather stick to our present methods.

WILSON: There I agree with you. To be deprived of one's liberty, in circumstances however lenient, is still to an Englishman far the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on most human beings, and Parliament, as reflecting public opinion, must be cautious about permanent detention. On this we both agree—the public can do much by showing decent, kindly, Christian feeling towards their neighbours who have got into trouble. Magistrates can do more than they do now, with the ever-willing assistance of the police, to find out more of all the circumstances surrounding the accused person before they decide what to do with him, and our laws need to be made more elastic rather than more drastic, and we all need education in seeing the other man's point of view.



## What I Like in Art—IV

## Looking at a Blake Drawing

By R. H. WILENSKI

WHEN a professional art critic says that he likes or dislikes an object he is not saying anything of more significance than the lay spectator who says the same or the opposite. Both are making autobiographic confessions. The professional art critic who can only write autobiographic confessions is a lay spectator in disguise. The lay spectator who pretends to be writing anything except autobiographic confessions is pretending to be something that he is not—i.e., an art critic. The lay spectator has to say—and when he is a sensible man he always does say—‘I know nothing about art but I know what I like’. The professional art critic has to say, ‘Unless I am a fraud or a failure I do know something about art and it is my business to record what I know and not merely to make autobiographic confessions of my likes and dislikes’.

What really happens when the *lay spectator* contemplates a picture, a statue, etc.? The answer is that three things happen: he gets consciously or unconsciously some contact with the artist's personality because the object is a symbolic record of the artist; he has sensory experience of the object; and he has intellectual experience of the object by means of which he relates what he perceives in it to his experience in other fields. As a result of the first of these three happenings the lay spectator experiencing a picture by, say, Titian may think: ‘I like (or dislike) this picture because it records a voluptuous man’. As a result of the second he may think, ‘I find the colours of this picture pleasantly (or unpleasantly) exciting’. And as a result of the third he may think, ‘I like this picture because the dog in the corner reminds me of my own dog “Tim”’ or ‘I dislike this picture because the face of the woman reminds me of Aunt Mabel who ought to have left me £30,000 but left me a miniature portrait of herself instead’.

The three happenings may occur in any order and no one order is properly called better than any other. Nor is the lay spectator properly praised or blamed by anyone for the nature of his reactions in any of the three cases (unless he takes pen in hand and writes something which impedes contemporary creative art). But we have to remember this: The lay spectator always assembles his experience of an object of art into something satisfactory to himself at the moment. If he cannot achieve his satisfaction without thinking of the object as ‘bad art’ he thinks of it as bad art. And he has a perfect right to achieve his satisfaction in that way—(though he must not use his satisfaction to impede contemporary creative production).

Now what happens when the *professional art critic* contemplates a picture, a statue, etc.? The answer is that he is in quite a different position because he claims to be something more than a lay spectator—i.e., a student. When the art critic contemplates a picture the same set of things happen as when the lay spectator contemplates that picture. But he must not assemble his experiences to achieve a satisfaction for himself. It is his function to experience objects of art as his special form of work and not as a form of pleasure.

The art critic's business is to assess the values (a) of art considered as a human activity, (b) of particular artists, (c) of objects of art. He has firstly to know what he means by ‘good’ and ‘bad’ art. No assessments which he makes of any object *as art* will have any meaning at all unless he starts off by making absolutely clear what he does mean by ‘good art’ and ‘bad art’. He must state at the beginning of every book or article that his idea of ‘good’ art is art which shows that the artist knows human, or equine, or canine anatomy; or art which shows that the artist has been concerned with aesthetic problems, or art which shows that the artist is a master of illusionist perspective, or art which is creative in character, or whatever his standard really is. He has secondly to know whether he thinks the particular artist a ‘good’ or ‘bad’ personality. And no assessments which he makes of the work *as the symbolic record of the artist* will have any meaning unless he follows his first explanation by explaining what he means by a ‘good’ or ‘bad’ personality. He must state at the beginning of every book or article that he regards men of such and such a race, or such and such characters, beliefs, habits, powers, etc.,

as ‘good’ or ‘bad’ men. He has thirdly to assess the objects *as objects in themselves in contact with particular spectators*. And no assessments which he makes of these values will have any meaning unless he says who the spectators are and records how they relate their experience in other fields to the characters perceived in the objects.

Let us assume that a lay spectator visiting the Tate Gallery finds himself in front of Blake's water-colour drawing, an illustration to Dante's ‘Inferno’, reproduced herewith. The three happenings I have described will take place; they will be different in the case of every individual lay spectator; and every lay spectator will be free to achieve his satisfaction by liking or disliking the drawing and thinking it ‘good’ or ‘bad’.

Now let us assume the professional art critic in front of the same drawing. In this case the same three types of happenings will take place. But the critic has to resist the temptation to assemble the experiences to a satisfaction. He has first to assess the drawing as art by means of his concept of art; he has then to assess it as the symbolic record of a particular man; and he has then to assess it in contact first with himself as a spectator and then with as many other spectators as he possibly can.

He has to acquire the knowledge necessary for all these assessments. He has to find out whether, in making this drawing, Blake was engaged in the kind of activity which he (the critic) considers a ‘good’ activity. He has then to find out whether Blake was what he considers a ‘good’ or a ‘bad’ man. And he has then to record his own sensory and intellectual experience in front of the object and contrast them with as many experiences by other people in front of the object as his knowledge and intuition will enable him to do. When he has spent a few months or years in the work required for these assessments he will be able to write about the drawing in some such way as this: ‘When Blake was making this drawing he was engaged in an activity of such and such a kind; I consider such activity good (or bad) for such and such reasons. Regarded as the symbolic record of Blake as a human personality I consider the drawing good (or bad) because Blake was what I consider a good (or bad) man for such and such reasons. Whether I like it or not the drawing is therefore good (or bad) considered (a) as art and (b) as a symbolic record of a particular man. When I regard the drawing as an object in itself in contact with myself, a particular spectator, I get pleasing sensory experience from the architectural play of the colours and the rhythmic flow of the lines, and I also get intellectual pleasure from relating the subject of the drawing to my recollections of Dante's text (to which it conforms in such and such ways and from which it departs in such and such ways). For these reasons I present it with the value of my appreciations. Other people will experience the drawing in different ways: the man who does not like pale blues and reds or conical forms, the man whose pleasure is spoiled because Dante's vision of those who lived neither for good nor evil is omitted, the man who likes only Dutch pictures, or Royal Academy pictures, or demonstrations of the painter's knowledge of anatomy, of perspective, or of botanical accuracy, etc., etc., will not present as many appreciations as I do to this object. Those again for whom anything connected with Dante or any Italian quotation is exciting, those for whom the facial types have special significance, those for whom transparencies make some mysterious appeal, etc., etc., will present even more appreciations than I do’.

The art critic, it will be observed, here makes two distinct classes of assessment. He assesses the values which come to the object from the artist who made it and the values which come to it from various spectators; and he keeps the two kinds of values distinct. The only person who can say whether his assessment of the *artist-acquired* values is a true one is the artist who made the object; and when, as in this case, the artist is dead, nobody can say whether he is right or wrong. The only person who can say whether his assessment of the *spectator-acquired* values is right or wrong is the particular spectator whose experience the assessment purports to record.

The most useful art criticism is assessment of artist-acquired





The Inscription over Hell's Gate: water-colour drawing by William Blake to illustrate Dante's Inferno



values in the case of works by living men. The most useful thing a critic can do is to write down plainly 'By good (or bad) art I mean this; by a good (or bad) man I mean this; as art and as a symbolic record of Mr. — this object is good or bad'. And if the artist Mr. — knows in his heart that the assessment is a true one and is honest enough to say so then the critic's assessment is proved true.

If the critic cannot do this in the case of living men who can confirm or refute his assessment (and few critics can do it, and those who can, can do it only in regard to a few artists whom they are really able to understand) then he must either (a) confine himself to the spectator-acquired values of works by living men or else (b) he must say that both types of assessment in the case of contemporary works are too

difficult for him and apply himself to assessing the artist-acquired values of objects surviving from the past (where the artists are dead and cannot dispute his assessments) and to recording the spectator-acquired values of those objects—where in many cases he can make a good show by merely repeating what other people have already said.

When the critic wants to be entirely safe his best course is to write about the 'perfection' of the non-existent statues by Calamis, Polyclitus, etc., and the 'exquisite tenderness' of the non-existent paintings by Master William of Westminster, Matthew Paris, etc., because in those cases the artists being dead cannot refute him and no spectator can refute him either, because no man living has seen the non-existent works.

## Then and Now at the Highland Show

By the Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.

*Broadcast in the Scottish Regional Programme on June 19, the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the Highland and Agricultural Society*

IN the hundred and fifty years since the start of the 'Highland', the life of Scotland has seen many sweeping changes. We do not even need to go so far back as a hundred and fifty years. Oddly enough it is almost exactly half the lifetime of the Society since we Elliots first joined up. It was in 1860—exactly seventy-four years ago—that my grandfather, Walter Elliot of Hollybush, first became a member, and between my grandfather, Walter Elliot of Hollybush, and my father, William Elliot of Lanark, we have a continuous record of membership till the present day. That 74 years has shown changes enough in the countryside of Scotland. I wonder what my grandfather, proud of his first membership in 1860, would say if he stepped through the arches of the years and clicked round the turnstile at Bellahouston. He would certainly say that he was glad to see the Show at Glasgow, for he believed strongly—no man more—in the necessity of the towns and the country understanding each other's problem. And then I think he would make for the sheep section, for he was Steward of the sheep in his own day and was a great breeder and exhibitor of Oxford Downs. And when he heard that sheep had been a very bad trade the last year or two, but were looking a little better this year, he would, I think, have felt that the country could look after itself for a little and would have stumped off to the Directors' Tent to see if there were anyone there whom he knew.

I think I will bring a ghost from out the further past for him to talk to, say, one of the fifty gentlemen who assembled at Fortune's Tontine Tavern in Edinburgh on February 9, 1784, at the foundation meeting of the Society—just the same length of time from my grandfather's first membership as that is from us today. They would have much to say to each other, these two old gentlemen, the Scotsman of George III and the Scotsman of Queen Victoria, and if we could overhear their talk it would give us a lot of important things to think about today.

They would agree about a great deal, I think, and it is strange how much they would find familiar amongst so much that has changed. They would hear a good deal of fuss about milk, for instance, and when they had seen the Show animals they would ask what our average yield was nowadays for a good milking cow, for both of them knew well that the Show animal is only of real use if it lifts the average of the everyday farmer. When they were told our yields they would shake their heads quite a little. The survey of Fife in 1800 showed that the yield of a good cow for some months after calving would run from 3½ to 5½ gallons per day away back in 1800. We don't do any better than that, on the average, today. Nor would they find any very great advance in some of the things in which they had been much interested—steam-power and agriculture, for instance. As far back as 1837 the Highland Society offered a prize of £500 for the successful use of steam-ploughing, and in 1837 they spent £300 to bring the Heathcote steam-plough to Dumfries, when the Society's Show was there in 1837. It was tried on the Lochar Moss and was in operation for three days, and there were many visitors. After the Exhibition the machine disappeared in the night, having sunk in the

Moss! They might ask how Lochar Moss was getting on today, and they would be told that it was very much the same, except that numerous experiments were being tried on it which we had every hope would be successful, and at that they would shake their heads again. The new-fangled idea does not always succeed in agriculture and even some of the best of the machinery shining in the show-yard today will need a lot of trying-out before we can be sure that it is not going to sink in Lochar Moss or elsewhere. They would be glad to hear, I think, that the wages of agricultural labourers were three times the size that they were last century. They would be glad to hear that Sir John Sinclair's Report on *Cromarty* in 1794 was out of date at last when he said—'There is not 5 lbs. of meat consumed within the family [of the common farmer] throughout the year; an egg is a luxury that is seldom or never indulged in, far less a fowl'. What is more, since both my ghosts were tenant farmers, they would be delighted to hear that the rent of arable land was less than half what it was in 1830, but both of them, I think, would be wondering how the lairds would be faring on that.

But I think it is in their general outlook that they would have most to teach us. The Scotsman of 1784 would have as much perhaps to tell the Scotsman of 1860 as he would have to tell us of the present day. In 1860 the Industrial Revolution seemed to have brought Victorian Britain to a time as solid and unshakable as the hills themselves. The uncertainty, both of war and of peace, which was perhaps the dominant feature of the times of George III, had vanished altogether in the reign of Queen Victoria. It has reappeared in our days, and if we are inclined to envy the solid and unshifting universe of our grandfathers of 1860, let us remember that Scotsmen built up the State in the days of their grandfathers in times at least as uncertain, as shifting, in many ways much more disastrous than our present times. Our grandfathers' grandfathers had seen wilder times in Scotland even than Europe is seeing today. They and their sons built this land like a walled garden rising out of turmoil. They have a right to catechise us who have come after.

Conditions have changed since their time. Not the beasts, not the crops, not the soil, not the weather, but the new things we have to learn. The Highland Show has to teach and show men who have to face problems not only of farming. The new problems are problems of economics which their fathers would have found most strange. The beef price in Scotland is governed by the rates at which beef may be reared away in South America. The engineers and the scientists have brought the whole world to our doors, and we have to mark eggs laid in Australia so that the housewives do not mix them up with eggs gathered that morning from our own hen-runs.

The Highland Show has to show the country to the country. That is its ancient task. But in addition it has nowadays to show the country to the town. Give us the help of the towns, the understanding of the towns for the work of the country. We can help you in your turn, Not in war, but in peace. For if the countryside dies, silence and sanity die with it.



*The Listener's Music*

# Music-Making and Music-Hearing—II

OF all the means of popular musical education, the best-known is the Competition Festival, chiefly, no doubt, because it has been established for a half-century, having begun almost simultaneously in the North and South (Kendal, and Stratford, London). It probably owed its origin to the brass band contests that were already popular in the Northern industrial centres. (I recently came across, in an old volume of *All the Year Round*, an amusing report of a Yorkshire band competition, written either by Dickens himself or by a good second.) The Competition Festival has always made a strong appeal to audiences, partly because of the sporting element, and the attendance at some events is still large. There are signs, however, that although it is still easy to attract competitors, it is becoming less easy to induce the public to hear them compete.

The most attractive Festivals will, I think, prove to be those of the newer type in which the accent is on 'Festival' rather than on 'Competition', and where co-operation almost entirely rules out contest. From both musical and educational points of view this kind of Festival is undoubtedly an advance, because (1) it concentrates on united performance of an important work that few, if any, of the choirs could attempt individually; (2) the standard reached is that of the combined performance, which, being the result of adequate rehearsal under a skilled conductor, is almost invariably high (at a purely Competition Festival, on the other hand, the highest standard is that of the winning choir, which may be, and in new Festivals often is, definitely low); (3) the stimulus of competition is valuable, but it is a sporting rather than a musical factor, whereas that derived from taking part in a fine performance of a large-scale work, with the added pleasure of co-operating with an orchestra and first-rate soloists, is far more powerful and fruitful. For these local choirs it is a great—even a thrilling—experience; the enjoyment is shared by all; and even the humblest singers, helped over the difficult stiles by their more competent neighbours and by the excitement of the occasion, go away delightedly realising their potentialities rather than (as is often the case after competition alone) conscious of their shortcomings. This is the psychological basis of all sound education.

Here is a typical day's work at this year's Petersfield Festival. (I take this Festival as an illustration because it is perhaps the oldest, having started about thirty years ago; and also because it happens to be the most recent event of the kind at which I have been present: there are several others of like excellence in the South of England, where the non-competitive idea seems to be making more headway than elsewhere). The Festival fills four days, and the word 'fills' is barely adequate. Village and small town choirs hold the field on the first two days; the third is Children's Day; and the event winds up with choirs of the more experienced and better-equipped type.

As work begins at 9 a.m. most of the choirs have been on the road at an early hour. After a few minutes of community singing to open the pipes and thaw the reserved; the choirs in turn sing a chorus from the chief work in the concert programme. The choice of movement is made on the spot by the adjudicator, a 'surprise' method that ensures conscientious study of the work as a whole. The choirs sing chiefly for criticism and advice: marks are given and competitors are graded 1, 2, and 3 according to merit. Challenge banners are awarded to choirs holding the highest aggregate. The aggregate depends on the work of a centre as a whole; for after the mixed voice choirs have sung the chosen chorus, they compete sectionally, the men being heard in a couple of part-songs for T.B.B., and the women in pieces for S.S.A. Every choir is thus heard and advised, not only as a whole, but also in its component parts. This subdivision adds to the interest, and widens the repertory; and as there are both problems and beauties peculiar to female voice and male voice choral singing, this threefold representation of every village or centre is of great educational value. Some 250 singers from about seven centres are heard daily.

At 12.30 the conductor-in-chief (this year Dr. Boult was at Petersfield) takes a short preliminary rehearsal of the singers, their conductors meanwhile adjourning to an ante-room where there is a discussion with the adjudicator on any special point

that has cropped up. At 1.0 comes a break for lunch. From 2 till 4 there are rehearsals of soloists (first-class professionals who come at moderate fees), orchestra (a highly capable body of local amateurs and professionals, the latter usually giving their services) and chorus. After a thirty minutes break for tea comes the final rehearsal, which lasts for about an hour-and-a-half. The concert is a revelation of the possibilities of quite ordinary small bodies of singers when combined and thoroughly rehearsed. Here are a few of the works studied and performed during the past few years: Brahms' Requiem, Elgar's 'The Music Makers', Vaughan Williams' Benedicite, Bach's Magnificat (some readers may remember the broadcasting of the Petersfield performance of this work in 1930), Holst's Two Psalms, Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony, Parry's 'Job', the B minor Mass, Stanford's 'Phaëdra', Coleridge Taylor's 'Hiawatha', a liberal selection from the standard oratorios, Elizabethan madrigals and motets, modern part-songs—an astonishing list representing practically every type of choral work. In fact, the folk in the Petersfield district have acquired a substantial musical education by the practical method of study and performance. To all this choral experience has been added a considerable acquaintance with vocal and instrumental solos and orchestral works of the best type, classical and modern, obtained at the annual concerts. If there is a sounder way of providing the community with musical instruction and recreation, plus the advantages of social intercourse under the best possible conditions, I shall be glad to hear of it.

I go back on my tracks a bit to touch on the incalculable value of the rehearsal to the local conductors. To be able to study the methods of a Boult for four solid hours, observing not only points in the technique of conducting, but (even more important) his ways of approaching various kinds of difficulty, his admirable mixture of patience and persistence, his knowledge of when to put the screw on and when to relax for a moment, and (not the least valuable lesson for conductors who are disposed to be fussy) his readiness to leave well alone: what an opportunity for the local enthusiast! A conductor may write a good book on his job, and may say less in it than he imparts thus in a few hours of practical demonstration.

Of the other admirable organisations working in this field space allows me to describe only one, so I take the Rural Music Schools—a very recent development, and one that, like the type of Festival just described, makes performance its chief aim. The pioneer School seems to have been that of Hertfordshire, which is now five years old, and a vigorous youngster, judging from the demonstration recently given in London.

The School covers more ground than any other single organisation. It is in fact a real school, with a liberal curriculum that includes (in addition to the usual subjects) instruction in the rudiments, sight reading, ear-training, musical appreciation, country dancing, etc.; there are also courses for conductors and choir trainers. The classes are held in local centres or at the School's headquarters in Hitchin. There is a merely nominal registration charge per annum; audition and advice are gratis; fees are low, but as most of the tuition is through classes, the modest payments of the members usually provide a reasonable sum for the teacher. Thus a large number of people in the area have the benefit of professional help, and remunerative work is created for local teachers. I have not space to give details of this skilfully organised affair: those who wish to see what can be done by a group of enthusiastic people with more brains than money should write to the Secretary\*.

The School began in 1929 with four classes; today there are sixty-three classes, comprising seven hundred students. Rural Music Schools on similar lines have been recently started in Wiltshire and Hampshire, and I understand Sussex is to follow suit. This article deals with only a sample of the popular musical education that is being given by various bodies up and down the country. Such work is little known outside the circles of participants; it is largely voluntary; and its productiveness and great possibilities are beyond question. A wide public recognition of its merits and needs is the first step towards due recognition and help from the State.

HARVEY GRACE

\*Miss Ellis, 109, Bancroft, Hitchin, Herts



*Mind the Doctor**Mind: Doctor or Patient?*

By A DOCTOR

**T**HE general point of view underlying this series of talks may be summed up as follows: The efficient working of the body may be disordered by the action of the mind, and in this way the appearances of illness may be produced in a sound body, or considerably aggravated in a sick one. The mind may thus use the body to mimic illness, and this illness serves a purpose in protecting the mind from some stress or situation which it cannot or will not face. The sufferer from such a mind-made illness often does not understand his situation, or appreciate its causes. He takes the situation at its face value and regards it as first and last a bodily affair, and one to be treated by physical remedies.

So far we are treading on safe and uncontroversial ground. There is nothing whatever new in this view, and examples of the kind must be within the experience of most of you. Those of you who saw a play called 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' must have had a shrewd suspicion that the invalidism of Elizabeth Barrett was no real bodily disease, or the result of an accident, but one of those mind-made illnesses we have been considering, and that the injury from which it dated was merely a cover for an apparent illness that had quite other causes. And such an illness, of course, it undoubtedly was, for how else should it have vanished so miraculously and so permanently when an attractive and tempestuous lover arrived on the scene?

So far, then, our summary only covers ground that has been familiar to men for many hundreds of years. There is no ingenious discovery of the modern psychologist in this conception of mind-made illness. Its occurrence is a long-established fact of experience, and has nothing speculative about it. But it is now that we approach the dangerous brink of speculation, when we consider the explanations for this state of affairs that have been given us in this series of talks by one or two of the speakers. For we have been told that the ignorance of the sufferer in these circumstances as to the cause and nature of his illness is to be explained by supposing—and I use the word 'supposing' deliberately—that part of the mind works unconsciously; that is, without the individual being aware of its activity, or even of its existence.

*The Myth of the 'Unconscious Mind'*

There is, I admit, something rather attractive about a conception of an unconscious mind that acts almost as a sort of 'villain of the piece', or sinister power behind the tottering throne of reason that makes us very ready to accept it. It offers to relieve us of a great deal of responsibility for some of our erratic ways—it is a very convenient scapegoat. For this reason a cynic might say that if there were not an unconscious mind it would be necessary to invent one. In fact, I would like to suggest to you now that this is what has actually happened, and that the so-called unconscious mind is no more than a figure of speech. It is not a thing, or a force; it is only a manner of speaking, and not a scientific one at that!

Now, I suspect that many of you will find this statement very disturbing, for you have been led to think that every psychologist believes in it and has evidence of its activity. This is not the case. On the contrary, many of them regard the expression 'unconscious mind' as a contradiction in terms. They say that what is not conscious is not mind. This opens a very difficult controversy with which I shall not bother you. All I can do now is to assure you that there is a sound body of psychological opinion, which I prefer to follow, that will have nothing to do with the idea of an unconscious mind. They regard it as a sort of illegitimate offspring that cannot hope to succeed to the inheritance of scientific psychology.

In science we try to be economical of theories, and we prefer to choose the simplest one that will cover the facts. I believe that if we follow this sound principle, we shall find that we can understand the workings of the mind better without calling upon an unconscious mind.

Now, each of us engages in life endowed with certain inborn instincts of which the most important are the instinct of self-

preservation, the reproductive instinct and the gregarious or 'herd' instinct. In addition to these and modifying their operation more or less profoundly are the religious and ethical ideals instilled into us during childhood. Further, it is clear that in a complex social structure—such as that in which we live—the instincts we have named cannot all have unrestricted play, and thus further limitations are placed upon their activity. As adult life is approached, the stress produced by the interaction of all these forces increases, and so do the demands upon us for adaptation.

Thus during life the mind is constantly being moulded, but the process is a single one, and the mind one—whole and indivisible. No light is thrown upon it or its behaviour by postulating the continued existence within it of an unconscious force directing and controlling a separate conscious one. Therefore, if we must talk of an 'unconscious mind', it is essential to remember we are only using a metaphor, a figure of speech, just as we might say that a man is 'prompted by his evil genius' or was born 'with a silver spoon in his mouth'. The trouble is that many psychologists of the newer schools have come to speak of it as though it were a being endowed with life and ambition. The unconscious mind is an anachronism and belongs to the age of mythology.

*Rival Schools of Treatment*

You have heard in previous talks in this series of suggestion and of mental analysis as modes of curing the mind. It is usual to name three main methods of cure in the circumstances—persuasion, suggestion and analysis—and the commonsense way would surely be to use whichever of these seemed to suit the individual patient. Unfortunately, this is not always what happens, for three schools of thought have grown up around these modes of treatment, and as a distinguished medical psychologist has said, 'each school tends to regard itself as the sole possessor of the promised land, and to treat its rivals as foolish mortals floundering uselessly in outer darkness'. This is surely not a scientific attitude. From the patient's point of view it is a matter of deep concern to know that he is being treated by whatever method is suitable to him. He is not attached to any school of thought, and he likes to think that whoever is treating him is also keeping an open and judicial mind and is not irrevocably wedded to any single system.

Perhaps the mode of treatment most spoken of now, and most strongly held as the only useful one by those who believe in it, is the method of mental analysis, or psycho-analysis as it is often called. Fierce battles have raged round it, and its critics have been as positive as its supporters. The objections urged against it are, firstly, that it often lasts for a very long time, even for a year or two. This makes it a treatment scarcely available for the mass of sufferers from psychological disorders, most of whom must perforce make the best of simpler and shorter remedies. Secondly, it has been objected that even within the camp of the analysts are at least three opposing schools, which maintain that their tenets cannot be mixed.

Now in a chemical analysis, no matter how many chemists set about it the result must be the same for all of them, if they are careful; but with what is called mental analysis the result will largely depend upon what school of thought the analyst belongs to. It is said, therefore, that the method cannot be valid and must—despite its claims—be largely a suggestive method.

Finally, it is objected that analysis gives no better results than simpler methods, and, being more radical, is apt to upset the apple cart rather more seriously should it fail. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the critics of psycho-analysis say it eats badly.

Each of the three schools of psycho-analysis, on the other hand, maintains that his is indeed the promised land, and that no one has the right to treat psychological disorders until he has entered it. This is a very exclusive attitude that would need overwhelming evidence to justify it, and my own view is that the claim has not in fact been justified.



# The Treaty and the Present State of Europe

(Continued from page 2)

financial stability of Germany as to that of the whole of Europe. But Baron von Rheinbaben recognised that these payments, which since the summer of 1931 have in fact completely ceased, were not the only cause of Germany's present financial and economic difficulties. They most certainly were not; on the contrary, it is a matter of common knowledge that the improvident financial policy of Germany herself must bear a very considerable share of the responsibility for a state of affairs which is now causing loss and embarrassment to people in this country among many others, people who had put their trust in the solemn promises not only of the German Government but of numerous German corporations and private undertakings.

The authors of the Treaty did not confine themselves merely to making good past wrongs and placing obstacles in the way of their recommitment. They embodied in the Treaty the machinery of the League of Nations, or the Covenant as we today call it. The great object of the Covenant was the promotion of peace and the finding of means to settle international differences before they became so acute as to lead to war. Certainly the British delegates in Paris in drafting the Covenant had no wish unfairly to penalise any nation; and I must be allowed to dissent strongly here from the description of the League given by the German Foreign Minister last November, when he spoke of its realist designs for the permanent repression of the defeated Powers. In the view of the British delegates at Paris the object of the League was—and in the view of the people of this country I am sure that it still remains—to assist in the equitable preservation of peace through the machinery of international co-operation. It should never be forgotten that there was inserted in the Covenant a clause intended to emphasise the possibility of treaty revision by peaceful means and general agreement. It is the fashion in certain quarters today to maintain that the clause—Article 19 of the Covenant—is of purely academic value, as any State member of the League can block its operation. But the principle which it embodies is, nevertheless, important; for it indicates the view of the makers of the Treaty that the settlement they had framed was one which they hoped would adapt itself to human progress and material change. Moreover, the insertion of this clause set a precedent in treaty-making which must not be passed by in silence. In all these circumstances, the withdrawal of Germany from the pacific deliberations of the League is, in my view, deeply to be regretted.

## Fortunes of the Disarmament Conference

This brings me to the second part of my talk, the present state of Europe. I think it is best reflected by the changing phases through which the Disarmament Conference is passing: for the Conference resumes within itself all the problems which today go to make up what we call the state of Europe. Far too often, in my opinion, the view is maintained that other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles are pledged to Germany to carry out sweeping reductions of their armed forces because, under that Treaty, German forces were fixed at a certain level. One of the great arguments for such a view is based on the introductory sentence of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, which runs: 'In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow'. Now I ask you to consider this sentence carefully. In the first place, it must be clear that this sentence does not confer on Germany the contractual right to insist that other countries should reduce their armaments, and, failing such reduction, that Germany should be free to increase her armaments without the consent of the other signatories above the Versailles level. The Allied and Associated Powers did not make any such bargain with Germany.

But there is a far wider consideration than this. Look at the sentence again. The object for which the observance by Germany of the military, naval and air clauses of Part V of the Treaty was insisted on was in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations. It is not the case that nothing has been done to carry out this highly desirable end—highly desirable not only in

order to reach a peaceful understanding with Germany, but desirable in itself, alike from the point of view of financial relief of the taxpayer over all the world, and from the standpoint of producing a better atmosphere of international understanding and goodwill.

After the necessarily long preparations for what was an entirely unprecedented attempt to reach world agreement in order to give effect to the ideal of limitation of armaments, the Disarmament Conference itself met in February, 1932. Throughout that year and 1933 energetic efforts were made in which my friends the Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, and the Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Eden, were unsparing in their endeavours to bring about agreement. Not to overwhelm you with details I will just remind you of the British proposals of July and November, 1932, acceptance of which would have brought about a large measure of comprehensive disarmament. It must be regretted that, in the summer of 1932, Germany showed premature impatience with the work of the Conference and left it. In spite of this, every effort was made to bring Germany back to the Conference; and this was secured in December, 1932, under the chairmanship of our Prime Minister, by the Declaration that Germany, in the Convention to be concluded, would be granted full equality of rights in a system of security for all States. I would stress the connection thus established between equality of rights and security, for I notice that Baron von Rheinbaben, when quoting this Declaration, did not mention the essential condition about security.

## Nazi Regime Creates a New Uncertainty

Unfortunately, the Geneva Declaration of December, 1932, was followed not by an increased tranquillity, but by new uncertainty in Europe. The cause of that uncertainty was quite definitely the advent to power in Germany of the National Socialist administration which, as Baron von Rheinbaben has explained, represented not merely a great internal change in Germany but a national protest against the whole system of the Treaty of Versailles. Herr Hitler has said that definitely in his speeches, as he has stated that he wishes to change the system of Versailles by peaceful means. Unfortunately, the first but not the second part of his statements caught the ear of Europe, which noted at the same time proceedings and speeches in Germany of anything but a reassuring character. In spite of this misfortune the British Government endeavoured to put the declaration of December, 1932, in concrete form in their draft Convention of March, 1933, which was accepted by the whole Conference as the basis of a future Convention. Throughout the summer of 1933 British Ministers discussed with the Ministers of other Powers amendments to this Convention calculated to secure general acceptance. Unfortunately, when the result of these labours was reported to the Conference on October 14, 1933, Germany again, without waiting to discuss the matter, declared that she had been deceived and again withdrew from the Conference. This withdrawal, it was generally recognised, was unjustifiable, and aroused natural apprehensions, all the more because it was accompanied by ever-increasing information to the effect that Germany was engaged in strengthening her own armaments and working not so much for the cause of general disarmament as for her own re-armament.

Europe has been unable entirely to forget that warlike and military methods have been termed the tradition of Prussia in the past; that in the days before he assumed power Herr Hitler himself declared that the aim of education was the production of a German who could be converted with the minimum of training into a soldier; that certain of his Ministers still declare the spirit of Prussia to be unthinkable without the military spirit; and that the education of the whole youth of Germany is being given a definitely military bent. In such an atmosphere it has not been easy to obtain disarmament. It has not been easy to work for German equality of rights in a Disarmament Convention providing security for all nations when some or many of those nations consider, rightly or wrongly, that Germany is bent on increasing armaments. It is not entirely a matter for surprise that other countries should hesitate further to reduce their own armaments when they have the conviction or the information that Germany is increasing hers. That is



a difficulty which must be recognised if we are to get a true picture of the present state of affairs.

### 'We Must Not Lose Hope'

Little of what I have told you suggests that this state of affairs is conducive to a feeling of tranquillity in Europe or to the circumstances which, as the Geneva Declaration of 1932 recognised, can alone make possible the reduction of armaments and, by making possible that reduction, in its turn further increase the feeling of security. But even now we must not lose hope: there is the unanimous agreement reached on the eighth of this month at Geneva to endeavour to bring Germany back to the Disarmament Conference, and in the meantime to continue its work by all such committees as can profitably function without her. The responsibility is now primarily hers. If she still refuses to return, if she still refuses to play her part in the League of Nations, I am afraid it would be misleading to hold out much hope that it will be possible to secure a Disarmament Convention. If she will come back to the Disarmament Conference; if she will clear the minds of others of suspicions which they entertain of her intentions; if she will resume her natural place in the League of Nations, then I maintain that the international regulation of armaments by agreement can still be achieved. But it cannot be achieved in any other way.

Whether we like it or not, the great basic fact of the situation in Europe today seems to be that this mighty nation of sixty-six million souls feels that the situation held by it at present is not that which it merits. Let me say at once that I am deeply convinced that no responsible person in this country desires

to prevent Germany from attaining her proper position. But, of course, it must be attained by proper methods. We in this country do not wish again to see the peace of Europe maintained by powerful hostile armed combinations arrayed one against the other. We greatly and genuinely prefer the method of free and trustful international co-operation which successive British Governments have done their best to initiate at Geneva. But if that method is to prevail, the country which declares itself dissatisfied with the existing system must herself be sure and make others sure that she has really once and for all abandoned the intention to change that system by force. Continued talk of the military spirit, the continued education of youth on military lines, the continued suppression of all that is opposed to the spirit of exclusive nationalism, have undoubtedly created in many quarters the impression that Germany intends to hold in reserve the power to alter the present system by a display or even by the use of force. It is of no use to close our eyes to that fact in the European situation. We hope that it may be removed, but so long as it remains it does not conduce to disarmament.

If the Treaty of Versailles is to be further peacefully revised and adapted to the changed conditions as existing today in Germany and elsewhere, then the real initiative lies with Germany, and for the very simple reason that Germany is the great Power directly interested in the modification of the existing system. She can only secure its modification by proving beyond all doubt that she seeks its modification only for legitimate purposes and by methods of friendly and peaceful co-operation at Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, the body which was created for that purpose and which will remain true to it.

## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### Poison Gas

Major Murphy has given an admirably lucid account of what we may expect in the way of gas attack during the next war, but I imagine that not wishing to be accused of hysterics he has deliberately understated the dangers of the case. He claims that mustard gas is the only real menace and there can be no doubt that he is right, but I doubt whether the general public will recognise from what he says how great a menace it is. After an attack with mustard the defence is faced with two great difficulties: (1) To know where mustard has been deposited; (2) to disinfect the infected area.

If the 'rain' method of discharge is made use of by the enemy, as no doubt it will be, every square yard of ground over which an enemy aeroplane has passed becomes suspect. When the infected area has eventually been mapped out, and as this will be no easy problem, the second and greater difficulty appears. Major Murphy may remember an occasion, after the last war was over, when I, then Commandant of the Experimental Station at Porton, was sent to clean up a factory which had accidentally become infected. I had on my staff all the most experienced chemical warfare chemists and experts in the country, including Major Murphy himself. It took us over a week to make the premises reasonably safe, and they did not cover half-an-acre of land. I am no alarmist, and have had great experience of gas warfare and experimental work on the subject, and I am convinced that the task of cleaning up, say, a big city or a small town—the Port of London, or Southampton Docks, or even a small area such as Ludgate Circus—is an impossibility. I very much doubt that anyone with real knowledge of both gas and war will disagree with me.

There is only one way of dealing with Major Murphy's invisible garrison. It must never be allowed to occupy the citadel. If we wish to protect our population from the effects of mustard gas we must either never go to war or take the necessary steps to ensure that no enemy aircraft can ever fly over our territory. Gas masks may protect the lungs, they do not protect the body. Gas-proof clothes, if available, may protect the body, but if themselves infected only serve to spread the danger. Dug-outs may keep out splinters, but are merely traps to pass the contagion from one terrified occupant to all others who come

flocking there for safety. It may be possible to find protection for individuals, but the bulk of the population will have to take their chance and suffer. Many soldiers, after all, were killed and wounded during the last war. It was not found possible to protect them all.

Wittersham

RICHARD M. RENDEL

### Economics in a Changing World

I am very much obliged to Mr. George Eastgate for drawing attention to an error which I made in the talk in the series 'Economics in a Changing World' printed in your issue of THE LISTENER of June 20. The error arose from a combination: (a) an attempt at undue compression on my part, inasmuch as I was quoting from a table covering the period 1860–1908, but intended only to use the last decade of that period as indicating conditions the most nearly comparable to the present time; and (b) a typing error in which the figure for 1899 appeared in my notes as 3.05 instead of 2.05. Mr. Eastgate would still say that in 1900 the figure was 2.45 and therefore below 3 per cent., and, of course, he would be right; my only defence is that I was working to whole numbers and said 'about 3 per cent. and . . . nearly 9 per cent.' I was using the figures to remind people that there was a certain continuous percentage of unemployment before the war; my error lies in the fact that I gave listeners the impression that the lower limit of this unemployment was higher than in fact was the case.

May I take this opportunity of thanking all those listeners who have written to me in the course of the series 'Economics in a Changing World', and of saying that I have read with much interest all the letters, especially the batch of nearly 300 received in connection with the Unemployment talk? I wish I could have found time to answer them all in detail, but it has been physically impossible to do so. Now that the series has come to an end I confess to a certain feeling of relief. I am not a professional economist, and though there is something very stimulating in 'living dangerously' I am looking forward to some less anxious week-ends than those of the last six months! My only regret is that Mr. Eastgate has torpedoed me just as I was getting into port, for I think this is the first time I have been caught out making a downright mistake.

Headley

STEPHEN KING-HALL



## Heavy Water

Mr. Gerald Heard's talk on 'Heavy Water and a New Element', in your issue of June 27, contains one misstatement and some unscientific vagueness. He reveals of 'heavy water' that, 'Its secret appears to be that it is made up of the two atoms of oxygen which go to make up ordinary water, but instead of being content with one atom of hydrogen, this queer water manages to hold on to a double atom of hydrogen—a sort of philopena. This double atom is twice the weight of the ordinary hydrogen atom'.

Every Macaulayan schoolboy knows that water is  $H_2O$ , i.e., a molecule composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. If in Mr. Heard's sentence hydrogen and oxygen are interchanged, the first half makes sense ('ordinary water' without any abnormal personality, is  $H_2O$ ) but the second half can only be interpreted as meaning hydrogen peroxide,  $H_2O_2$ , which is no sort of philopena and no sort of ammunition for nuclear bombardment.

Alternatively, water molecules can and do exist in a polymerised form, such as  $(H_2O)_2$ ,  $(H_2O)_3$ , etc., and the former polymer contains two atoms of oxygen to four atoms of hydrogen. This could ionise, i.e., separate into oppositely charged groups, into  $H_3O^+$  and  $OH^-$ , but such a hydrated ion has no esoteric watery magic about it. Mr. Heard further seems to suggest that triple-weight hydrogen has been directly extracted from 'heavy water'. Does this refer to the triatomic forms of active hydrogen which have been known for some time? Is there any connection between the 'nine forms of heavy water' and the five or more forms of ice, usually labelled Ice II, Ice III, etc. which are heavier than the ordinary form and can only be obtained at high pressures?

Iwerne Minster

C. H. P. VERRINDER

## Water-Finding

In his article 'Water-Finding', Mr. Bensusan suggests that a hazel or wych-elm fork or 'rod' is necessary for the dowser. But my experience is that a person capable of finding water with a twig is equally successful with any small object held in the hands. Several dowsers use Y-shaped aluminium 'twigs', and there is at least one instrument on the market which, it is claimed, detects underground strata of water by mechanical or electrical means.

The chief French water-diviner or *sourcier* is the Abbé Gabriel Lambert, whose curious faculties are constantly employed by the French Government. He works with a bobbin on a silk thread (the ancient *pendule explorateur*) which oscillates violently when suspended over a seam or pocket of water. By its means, he can gauge the approximate depth and volume of the seam by the violence or manner in which the bobbin or pendulum swings. Metallic or mineral lodes, oil, etc., also respond to that subtle *something* which diviners possess and which has been tantalising scientists for centuries. In August, 1930, I invited the Abbé Lambert to demonstrate to me his alleged power of finding water. I spent three days with the Abbé and we arranged a most interesting experiment in Hyde Park. With his bobbin in his hand, we traversed Kensington Gardens into Hyde Park and discovered several underground streams and pools. The Abbé would start off with his bobbin (rather like a fisherman's cork float, pear-shaped, and painted in stripes of gay colours) suspended from a thread held in his right hand. He would purposely swing the bobbin laterally and when we came over the hidden stream, the bobbin would make a spasmodic movement, change its course, and begin spinning furiously, describing a larger and larger circle the longer we stood over the source of activity. When we reached the bank of the subterranean river, the bobbin would stop dead—just as if it had been hit by a stone. The cessation of the spinning was even more spectacular than the commencement.

We found many hidden springs and a fairly broad river running into Knightsbridge. When we came to a *nappe* (a pool of still water), the bobbin would make quite a different movement. The Abbé said that he could tell the depth of the hidden supplies, their approximate volume, and directional characteristics. He could also tell whether the current was rapid or sluggish. I made a map of a fairly broad, swift stream running into Knightsbridge. There is, of course, a great deal of water under Hyde Park and district. I believe the River Bourne runs under it, and the old Tyburn Brook is somewhere in the vicinity. The information the Abbé gave me was confirmed by a Park official. The Abbé considers that his faculty is partly physical and partly

psychic. For instance, he states that if he is looking for a *nappe* he will pass a dozen running springs without becoming aware of the fact. And the reverse is the case. He will likewise be unconscious of a flowing river (or water of any description) if he is looking for minerals or a metallic lode. When we crossed the Serpentine by means of the bridge, his bobbin did not respond. He knew the water was there so his conscious awareness of the fact nullified the subconscious activity which would have been brought into play had the water been hidden. To provide the other 'pole' when using his bobbin, he carries in his free hand a small bottle of pure water (if looking for drinking water), a bottle of mineral water if seeking a chalybeate spring, or a piece of ore similar to the metallic lode he is trying to find. The Hyde Park tests were recorded by *The Times* and other papers.

Speaking quite unofficially, I am convinced that certain persons are extremely sensitive to hygrometric influences, and I have had personal experience of the success of at least one dowser. The engineers who were responsible for sinking an artesian well at my house in Sussex, after two weeks' fruitless search for water, were compelled to call in an old dowser from the South Downs who found an ample supply during the course of an afternoon. That was before the War, and the volume has not yet decreased.

HARRY PRICE, Hon. Secretary

University of London Council for Psychical Investigation

## 'Russia Reported'

Mr. Muggeridge has won my admiration. For long enough almost every kind of visitor to Russia who reported favourably has been discredited on the grounds that during a brief stay it is easy for the authorities to ensure that investigators get only a favourable impression. But Mr. Muggeridge has gone one better; he has found out how to discredit the evidence of those who have been long resident in Russia, even though they have no party ties and write exclusively for conservative papers. This provides us with an absolutely water-tight case against any favourable reports from Russia being true.

I have a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Muggeridge, who has had the unfortunate experience of having his excessively gloomy picture of conditions in Russia contradicted in rapid succession by Mr. Walter Duranty, who has lived in Moscow for years, by Mr. Alec Wicksteed's *Ten Years in Moscow*, by Sir Arthur Newsholme's account of Soviet Medicine, and Sir James Purves Stewart's *A Physician's Tour in Soviet Russia*. The final blow must have been Mr. Alan Monkhouse's book, which to most people's surprise, gave a distinctly favourable account of the Five Year Plan. Mr. Sherwood Eddy's critical account, coming from one whom we all admire and respect, also completely contradicts Mr. Muggeridge's famine stories and other horrors. Here are six able men, four of them thoroughly familiar with Russia ever since the revolution and the two doctors free from the slightest pro-Russian bias. Their accounts are by no means a paean of unqualified praise. They are severely critical, yet they traverse at every point Mr. Muggeridge's bitter and polemical account.

Ipswich

JOHN LEWIS

## Vitamins and Diet

I can only express my unqualified astonishment that your reviewer should have accepted out of hand, as he appears to have done, by his notice in your issue of June 13, some of the quite incredible things which Dr. Arthur E. Kraetzer says in his book, *Your Long-Suffering Stomach*. This book may be, as your reviewer says, 'bright and breezy'; but if the examples he quotes are characteristic of the book, to describe it as 'none the less good for that' is, I fear, an acute disservice to your readers. I, like Dr. Kraetzer and your reviewer, am all for 'commonsense about food', but to condemn out of hand pleas that we should eat more fruit, to deride patent medicines without qualification, and particularly to declare that 'the undoubted truth behind vitamins has been exploited and has become a slogan for the diet racketeers', rather leaves one gasping.

I am particularly interested in this reference to vitamins, for if the author and your reviewer who champions him had been more precise and specific and said what is plainly true—namely, that to cast vitamins about into bread, margarine, cereal products and what-not is folly—one would have cordially agreed. As it is, this reference I quote is calculated to give an entirely wrong impression to scores of thousands of LISTENER readers, and to frighten them out of the proper use of these elements. It must be elementary knowledge to Dr. Kraetzer



and your reviewer that a pre-requisite in diet is the consumption of foods which contain the vitamins in their natural form, but they must be equally well aware that since such a content is always fluctuating and never measurable, no sort of diet can remedy a definite and serious vitamin lack in the system. It was for this reason, years ago, after Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins had discovered vitamins, that efforts were made to standardise them, and the result was the further discovery and production of the elements radiostol (pure Vitamin D), and then radiostoleum (Vitamins D and A). These subsequent discoveries raised vitamin therapy to the status of an exact science, and enabled Sir Frederick to declare in his Presidential Address to the British Association last year, about which I then wrote in *The Radio Times*, that 'the availability of carefully standardised concentrates is of the greatest value in that it enables vitamin therapy to be quantitative and discriminating. We are fortunate in knowing that in this country highly reliable preparations are readily to be obtained'. Writing almost immediately afterwards, Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, and the Board of Education, issued his now famous warning against the promiscuous and indiscriminate fortifying of foods with vitamins, and, welcoming his statement, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, in a statement to the Press, declared that 'vitamins should be administered scientifically as a medicine, and not given indiscriminately through the medium of ordinary articles of diet'. If, I repeat, this author whose book you review, and your contributor who comments upon it had only made these highly necessary addenda, the rest of Dr. Kraetzer's amiabilities might have been passed over with indulgence.

Stanmore

GEORGE A. GREENWOOD

[Our reviewer replies:

I am almost completely impenitent, my one slight reservation being that my praise of Dr. Kraetzer's book may cause other people, besides Mr. Greenwood, to dash off letters to you before they have read it. To get the book read by serious students of dietetics was my reason for writing the review, and if I overstated the case I am sorry. After all, Dr. Kraetzer is only saying in witty, easily read and brief form what Alvarez and Brennermann, two of America's leading dieticians, have said at greater length and in less available books and journals. And it is time we listened to warnings from a country which began to take dietetics seriously some twenty years before we did.]

### The Voice of Philosophy

The platitudinarian, who with impressive emphasis, records some trite commonplace, is, of all inflictions, the most depressing. In *THE LISTENER* he figures under the particular heading of 'The Voice of Philosophy'. I am still wondering what on earth it is that, with so much labour, occupying so much space, Professor Levy is driving at. Herbert Spencer in his *Sociology*

dealt so clearly with certain aspects of social phenomena that all we in these days can do is to gather further evidence to illustrate the limited but inalienable principles he proclaimed, and press them a stage further. Sociological problems present difficulties inherent in data of unlimited variants. But the clarity of Spencer's style, its austere concentration and precision, yielded an impressive meaning and elevated the study of sociology into a science, which, if not exact, needed only cumulative study on similar lines to produce evidence and conclusions of the deepest significance.

The present extension, under the guidance of the Voice of Philosophy, offers the following speculations:

'The man living in a slum can feel remorse about his treatment of his wife or his father-in-law no less than the man living in a suburban villa'.

'The attitude of parents to their children at boarding school is very different from the attitude of parents who are living on the dole'.

'The problem is, How is society changing? What is changing it? There are, of course, Freemasons, football clubs, musical societies, all of which cut across property classes to some extent. But neither musical societies nor football clubs, throughout the whole course of history, have ever been motivating forms for large scale changes'.

'In point of fact the field of science that straggles across the psychological and sociological problems is anthropology'.

To this one is scarcely surprised that Mr. Fulton replies: 'I am not sure that I agree with your remarks about the anthropologists'.

'There are things in bourgeois art which are the kind of thing which any intelligent society would value. That is not to refuse to anyone the right to assert that there may be much in bourgeois culture which is not permanently valuable or even some things which are mucky'.

The artist, the sculptor and the writer today vie with one another in producing indefinite outline. The childish scribble is elevated into a work of art. The lump of clay in almost viscous shapelessness (the contradiction will pass with those who have seen the things) is a gallery masterpiece. And similarly masses of talk, diffuse and nebulous, straddling profound spaces in vast milky ways, proclaim the high heavens of modern philosophy. Words should measure precisely, neither less nor more, the concepts which they interpret. A verbal Weights and Measures Act, in magisterial hands, would reveal many defaulters. It was said years ago that 'there is only one way of expressing an idea and it is worth a lifetime to discover it'. There is at any rate one way. The Voice of Philosophy doubtless has a message to give us. But those who teach the public have a lesson to learn from the needs of their pupils—an earnest and concentrated simplicity in method, style and expression.

St. Paul was careful to remind teachers that though the ignorant audience might be 'barbarians' to the teacher, the teacher equally was a 'barbarian' to the audience who failed to understand him.

London, W.1

RUDOLPH B. BURNEY

## Photographic Competition

1. The Competition will be run from July 2 to August 31 inclusive.

2. A different subject is set for each week and entries should reach *THE LISTENER* office between the Monday and Friday of that week (inclusive). The prize-winning photograph in each subject group will be published on the Wednesday of the week following the closing date for that group. Entries submitted at any time other than during the week for which they are intended will not be considered.

3. A prize of Ten Guineas is offered for the best photograph in each group. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce non-prize-winning photographs at the following rates:

Whole page .. .. .	Two Guineas
Half page .. .. .	One-and-a-half Guineas
Minimum .. .. .	One Guinea

The above sums, as also the prize money, will purchase the first British rights of reproduction in the photographs concerned.

4. Prints submitted must be not less than 6 ins. by 8 ins. and not more than 10 ins. by 12 ins. in size, and competitors are asked to send their prints unmounted.

5. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender, the title of the photograph and the group for which it is submitted.

6. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.

7. Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.

8. The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.

9. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'Listener Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Subject	Sending-in Dates	Publication of prize-winning photograph
1. Landscape and seascape .. .. .	July 2-6	July 18
2. Life and recent developments in European countries, to illustrate social, economic and political questions during the last five years .. .. .	" 9-13	" 25
3. Architectural and archaeological .. .. .	" 16-20	Aug. 1
4. Action: Human or other .. .. .	" 23-27	" 8
5. Night photography .. .. .	" 30-Aug. 3	" 15
6. Industry .. .. .	Aug. 6-10	" 22
7. Abstract composition in which lighting and/or arrangement of objects is the main interest .. .. .	" 13-17	" 29
8. Scientific, to include, as well as all ordinary scientific subjects, microphotography (photography of microscopic objects on a magnified scale) and X-ray photography .. .. .	" 20-24	Sept. 5
9. Wireless, to include photographs of any aspect of this subject .. .. .	" 27-31	" 12



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

### The Mystical Life. By Roger Bastide. Cape. 7s. 6d.

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether a detached study of the Mystical life can ever prove satisfactory. For the meaning of mysticism is interior and only those who have trodden some way at least along the inner path are in a position to interpret that meaning. Yet such, it will be complained, even if they can be prevailed upon to speak of their experiences, are interested and possibly self-deluded interpreters. M. Bastide has tried to solve this dilemma by basing his study upon the recorded experiences and teachings of certain notable mystics, while considering these in a spirit of sympathetic detachment. He is not, however, as impartial as his manner and method may at first suggest. For one thing the 'mystical life' which he examines is for the most part that of a few Christian mystics. He does, indeed, grant that a Muhammadan may be a mystic and quotes some parallel passages from the writings of Al-Hallaj. But he dismisses Hindu and Buddhist mysticism with the scantiest consideration as 'pessimistic pantheism' and 'purely negative'. Such hoary generalisations and the few remarks he makes upon such concepts as 'Nirvana' reveal a want of understanding surprising in one who later in his book can do considerable justice to the same 'negative' teachings when they appear in Western guise. But even his study of Western mysticism is distinctly one-sided. Indeed one might almost suppose from this book that Christian mysticism hardly existed before the fifteenth and sixteenth century, while most of the evidence of the interior states of the mystic is drawn from the writings of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. These were great mystics and they lived and wrote with a sensational intensity which obviously serves best M. Bastide's purpose of studying the mystical life as a series of phenomena. But they were too singular to be as representative as he suggests. In justice, however, it must be said that no writer could insist more emphatically that the sensational phenomena of the mystical life are secondary and that the great mystics cannot be explained away as neurotics but are 'distinguished by the breadth of their intelligence, by their self-control and by their building up of a superior personality'. The phrase 'superior personality' is characteristically superficial and even misleading. But at least M. Bastide does not reduce mystical experience to the terms of pathology and psychology, though he considers the theories of those who would so explain away its reality as dispassionately as the claims and affirmations of the mystics themselves. And this is the value of his book. It subjects the recorded experiences of certain mystics to careful examination from various external angles. No deep insight into the mystical life will be found in it, but it provides an interesting and discriminating survey of some of its forms and methods, its ecstasies and aberrations.

### The Naturalist on the Prowl. By Frances Pitt Country Life. 5s.

Miss Pitt deserves so much respect and admiration for her field observation, and so little for the embodiment of her pioneer experiences and adventures in the printed page, that the reviewer is caught in two minds over her most recent book. It is the most carelessly and amateurishly written of the lot. Her readers do not ask literature of her nor even style, but surely the dignity of writing books might have a salutary effect upon curbing her personal exuberances, and, if that be too exacting a demand, upon steering her clear of split infinitives. It is the mark of the unskilful writer to say in one hundred words what the craftsman says in ten. When Miss Pitt writes like this, 'I settled down to "wait and see"', to use the time-honoured phrase invented by a deceased statesman, who could never have guessed how precisely it would apply to the sport of bird photography, for Nature work is all "wait and see", she opens herself to the suspicion of mere book-making, while as for her 'dear me's' and similar confidences to the reader, they would be out of place in a conversation, much more in a book. Nevertheless, her claim for her own work, that it is not merely that of the 'naturalist on the prowl' but of the servant of science, is fully justified. No living observer has done more to take natural history out of the laboratory into the open air, so that she is one of the vanguard in the progress of a wholly beneficent revolution, not merely in science but in values. The cabinet and dissecting-room ornithologists taxed not only our patience and interest but our heritage of wild life, and tedium went hand-in-hand with de-

structiveness. However badly Miss Pitt writes, her actual material is always fresh, valuable and original. Like her fellow-workers in the same field, she is beating the necrologist out of it.

The present book is of less intrinsic interest than her earlier volumes, for the reason that it deals with the equipment of the aspiring naturalist and the technical details of field-photography rather than with the birds and beasts themselves, which are here rather annexes to and illustrations of the text than its subjects. Her directions and admonitions as to the right kind of clothes to wear, the right kind of approach to the quarry and the right kind of camera, plates and shutter to use, together with instructions upon setting up hides (she properly thinks that a camouflaged hiding tent is unnecessary), are both sensible and serviceable. But the general reader will find himself looking to the end rather than the means, namely, the birds and mammals who are the object of all these preparations and initiations. Miss Pitt has done wonders with her camera, and her accounts of the nesting of such birds as the Slavonian grebe, the dotterel, the grey lag goose, the Manx shearwater, the green-shank and others, together with the admirable photographs themselves, will enlist the attention of all to whom the countryside is a peace, a passion or a consolation. But there is one comment to make upon this portion of her book. In her description of a blackcock tourney ground, she suggests that Darwin's theory of sexual selection is inadequate to account for the displaying of the birds. But she does not mention Mr. Edmund Selous' remarkable work upon the same theme which has virtually opened a new chapter in the interpretation and significance of the mock tournaments of ruffs and blackcock.

### A Book of Scottish Verse. Edited by R. L. Mackie Oxford University Press. 2s.

### Squared Circle. By William Montgomerie Boriswood. 5s.

### Up the Noran Water. By Helen B. Cruickshank Methuen. 2s. 6d.

Mr. John Buchan's anthology, *The Northern Muse*, confined itself to poetry written in Scots: Mr. Mackie's has a wider scope, comprising all kinds of poetry written by Scotsmen, whether in true Scots (the makars, the ballads, some of the songs); in conventional poetic Scots (the epistles of Allan Ramsay, Fergusson and Burns, and nearly all modern Scots verse); in poetic English (James Thomson, Beattie) or in ordinary English (Drummond of Hawthornden, some of Stevenson and Scott). These divisions of language indicate, and sometimes explain, divisions in kind. The makars, Henryson, Douglas, Dunbar, who wrote naturally in Scots because Scots was the language of their country, were in the great European tradition and could handle all the themes common to their contemporaries writing in English, in Italian and French. The poets who wrote in Scots two, three and four centuries later, when the language of their country for the purposes of law, learning, church services and the writing of prose books was English, had a far more limited scope. Turn in this book, from Henryson's 'Cresseid', or Dunbar's 'Golden Targe', with their rich imagery from classical and mediæval myths, with their complex treatment of emotions and easy handling of abstractions, to the songs by Allan Ramsay and Burns, and Lady Nairne and Allan Cunningham, which deal so entirely with the homely and the concrete, with one place, one person—the lass of Patie's Mill, the banks of Doon, Duncan Gray, the Laird of Cockpen. The poems of the makars are strongly individual, they are stamped with the author's style; but the best of the songs are those which are in a sense most anonymous. Like the ballads (of which Mr. Mackie prints a good selection) 'The Rigs of Barley', or 'The Sun Rises Bright in France' seem always to have been familiar; it is difficult to think of them as ever having been new; and they are so rounded and well-worn by use that their author's name has almost been rubbed away. It would be quite easy to mistake a good Scottish song by two centuries; Lady John Scott, Marion Angus and Violet Jacob have written songs that seem as familiar and as good as these of Lady Nairne. At her best, Miss Helen Cruickshank too belongs to these song-writers. Some of the poems in *Up the Noran Water*—'Shy Geordie', 'The Stranger', 'Beasties' and 'The Auld Wife Speaks', are delightful in this kind; and her



poems in English show by contrast what help it is to a minor writer to work in a tradition as well-marked as that of the Scottish song.

The Scots poets who wrote in English escaped the limitations that kept the vernacular to so narrow a way. Drummond of Hawthornden, as much in the English and European tradition as Daniel or Chapman, is rich and extravagant in conceit and images, a rare gift in Scottish poets. Compared with his self-assurance, the later English writers like Thomson and Beattie sound a trifle genteel; and they certainly prove that the greater liberty given by using English may be an empty one if the poet has not got something solid to say. Compare Thomson's epitaph on Mr. William Aikman (page 218) which says nothing, though very elegantly, with the anonymous inscription on a tombstone in the Howff Cemetery, Dundee (page 194):

This earthly tomb so low, and heaven so hie  
Keeps in divided pairs my dear from me;  
The heavens her soul, earth corpse, so must ensue  
That this division rendered both their due;  
But while that each has repossessed his pair,  
I want the whole, and with the whole, my hairt.

Mr. William Montgomerie writes in English of Scottish subject-matter—each of the six poems in *Squared Circle* is related to some aspect of the Cairngorms. His range is wide; from the immediate scene he moves to social conditions, our mechanical civilisation, the disharmony between the country and the town. He shows courage in choosing such big themes, and in manifesting them through the vast symbols of mountain, loch and forest. But here he falls into difficulty. Scots poetry, for the last four hundred years, has had no body of myths or symbols on which to draw. Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid, who alone among modern Scots writers attempts the range of the makars, gets over the difficulty by putting his metaphysics and politics straight into poetry without finding symbols for them. Mr. Montgomerie is brave enough to write through symbols; but he feels bound to explain each one laboriously. We are left in no doubt as to what the river of the first poem, or the gull and crow of the third, or the air, fire and water of the last, stand for; but the explanation has robbed the pictures of their first sharp brightness. The best of his poems is 'The Mountain', because there the image is complete. The mountain is at once Cairngorm climbed, in all its actual beauty, and the testing-place of the hearts and purposes of men; but the author has no need to explain.

### Letters of Napoleon. Selected, Translated and Edited by J. M. Thompson. Blackwell. 10s. 6d.

It is estimated that Napoleon wrote between 50,000 and 70,000 letters during the period of the Consulate and the Empire. Of this number over 41,000 have been published (including a number belonging to the years before the *coup d'état* of *brumaire*). The first official collection was begun by Napoleon III in 1854, and resulted in the publication of thirty-two volumes. These volumes were edited with the discretion which is rarely absent from official collections. Letters, or fragments of letters, which were likely to damage the first Napoleon were omitted by the editors employed by Napoleon's nephew. Thus a passage in which Napoleon ordered the employment of torture to extract information from a man suspected of espionage was left out as 'illegible'. Discretion was less necessary after the fall of the Second Empire, and the censored letters were given to the public. From time to time more of Napoleon's correspondence was brought to light, and issued in printed form. The selection of three hundred documents from this mass of material is therefore no easy task, since it implies a rejection of more than 99 per cent. of the whole. Mr. Thompson has taken care to make his choice representative of the astonishingly wide range of Napoleon's activities, and at the same time to include a good many letters throwing light upon what a French writer might call *Napoléon intime*. *Napoléon intime* is less interesting, and certainly less distinguished, than Napoleon as First Consul or as Emperor. Napoleon spoke of himself as an *être politique*, and one finds it difficult to disagree with the brilliant and devastating analysis of Napoleon the man made by Anatole France in *Le Lys rouge*. From this point of view one could wish that Mr. Thompson had concentrated upon one or more of the countless problems with which Napoleon dealt as First Consul or as Emperor, and had followed this more limited path to the end. Nevertheless, Mr. Thompson has aimed at a more general view, and has definitely succeeded in this aim. One hopes that he will follow up this general selection by further volumes chosen of

more specialised lines. The translation is accurate, clear, and extremely readable. Napoleon's style (when he is not falling into the commonplace sentimentalities which he thought fit for women!) is a style full of nouns and verbs, with few qualifying or subtle adjectives. The peremptoriness of his demands, the violence of his orders increase with time. Defeat brought no change, no relaxation to the passion for efficiency: 'Reprimand the gardener for employing three men all the month on a garden the size of my hand. . . . I disapprove of the proposed expenditure on turf during October: I would rather have grass seed'. 'Stores: this account is in a great muddle'. These were the orders given at Elba exactly one year after the battle of Leipzig, by a man who had been master of Europe.

### Housing and Slum Clearing in London. By Hugh Quigley and Ismay Goldie. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Next to unemployment, housing has become the dominant social question of the day. The books published in this country since the War on the subject may be divided into two kinds—those which attempt to give a detailed history of English legislation, and those which either draw an impressionistic picture of the situation or press a particular method of solving the housing shortage. The big tomes would have been more useful had they conveyed a better idea of the working of the modern Acts in a particular area. The present book presents a brief history of housing legislation since 1884 in the first four chapters, and then proceeds to measure the effect of these acts in the London area. Such a method enables the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the effectiveness of the various Acts and arrive at a personal estimate of what remains to be done. Essentially the book is a scientific study of the housing shortage, the statistics being clearly presented in a proper tabular form, very unusual in books on this topic. Mr. Quigley contributes the introduction and the conclusion, Miss Goldie writing the main part of the book.

The authors' own conclusions are 'Housing is in the final analysis no more a matter for private enterprise than the provision of essential public services'. They seem to base this conclusion largely on the ground that the provision of proper housing accommodation is not profitable for the lower-paid workers. They argue that if a public utility authority has complete control of the total volume of accommodation, then by some form of differential renting it would be able to house even the very poor at low rents. Neither the reasoning nor the conclusions are, however, clearly stated by the authors themselves. The various boards and bodies endowed with wide powers of planning, suggested by Mr. Quigley, are under present conditions quite utopian, with their complete denial of private enterprise. We need at the moment a more practicable, if less ambitious, scheme as a basis for the projected new Housing Act. One can recommend the book to any reader who wants accurate information on the housing problem, as distinct from a few highly-coloured pictures of overcrowding.

### Lawrence of Lucknow. By J. L. Morison. Bell. 15s.

Professor Morison has written a grand book about a great man. To those of his readers who have served in places where the names of Lawrence, Nicholson, Abbott, Edwardes, Mackeson, Lumsden, and others of Henry Lawrence's men are still household words, this book will give deep pleasure. Our heroes are his heroes and almost every page conjures up old memories to warm our 'Piffer' hearts. He has taken trouble, too, to show what service in the Punjab and on its frontier meant in those far-off days, and he has understood the problems which faced Henry Lawrence and his *chelas*. The result is that he has been able to make these things plain—and supremely interesting—even to those ever-to-be-pitied unfortunates whose lines have never been cast North and North-West of the Sutlej. So this is a book for everybody to read. Further, it is the story of a man's life, not a tissue of pseudo-psychological vapourings. It has the swing and go of an epic, and although, quite rightly, the person of Henry Lawrence dominates the book, the background of fateful events and heroic deeds, of which the history of British India during the first six decades of the nineteenth century is compounded, is drawn for us boldly and vividly. There is hero-worship, naked and unashamed, in these pages, but that is a refreshing thing in these days, and of all the servants of the Honourable East India Company, only Warren Hastings surpasses Henry Lawrence in depth and fortitude of character, in bold imagination and in true statesmanship.



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Munro, Shore, Elphinstone, Bartle Frere, are all his peers, and perhaps Munro stands somewhere between him and Hastings. But all the same, Henry Lawrence was the Christian hero Professor Morison depicts.

In spite of the dramatic quality of the last great days at Lucknow, Henry Lawrence's fame will rest always on his work in the Punjab. Looking back on it with our knowledge of all that has passed in the interval between 1849 and now, and, in especial, examining it in the light of present-day experience of colonial administration, it is easy to see that the broad cleavage between John and Henry Lawrence was due to the fact that (using our modern terms) John was an exponent of direct rule, whilst Henry stood for indirect rule. But Henry's ideas were very nebulous—as was inevitable—and his ideal of 'a puppet Maharaja' as ruler of the Punjab would never have worked. Sooner or later, Sikh Nationalism would have burst into flame again in the person of the Maharaja and the Sikh wars would have been to fight all over again. As it happened, John's views suited Dalhousie, just as Henry's would have suited Dalhousie's successor, and so Henry had to leave his life-work in the Punjab, an event which has left its marks on the Punjab Administration to this day. All this is finely described in the book, but Professor Morison really ought to soften the asperity of his judgment on Dalhousie. He had the faults of character and lack of tact which our author condemns, yet he was Governor-General with the whole wide field of Indian policy in his view and in his charge, and Punjab policy had to fit into the bigger pattern which was Dalhousie's policy. In one or two places, notably on page 225, it seems to be suggested that Henry Lawrence was on a par with the Governor-General. This, of course, is quite wrong, and the passage mentioned above, together with others elsewhere, conveys a definitely mistaken impression. Many instances are given of Henry Lawrence's amazing prescience in Indian affairs. His understanding of the true bases of our rule in India is shown, for example, on page 57, whilst on page 275 we read of his advocacy of a policy of 'Indianisation' of the Indian Army, which, had it been acted upon, might have changed the course of Indian history.

It is a pity that space did not allow of more mention of Henry Lawrence's lieutenants, for Professor Morison writes of them with warmth and understanding. Lives of most of them exist, but there is no life of the greatest of them all—with the exception, of course, of the peerless Nicholson—namely, Abbott of

Hazara. There is no more gallant or moving story in our history than that of James Abbott's connection with the tiny warrior clan of the Mishwanis and his and their epic deeds against the Sikhs. Such a hero should be immortalised and perhaps Professor Morison will do so. Truly, without his lieutenants even Henry Lawrence could have done but little. One or two trifling points may be mentioned in conclusion. A number of unfamiliar vernacular words are used and a glossary would be a useful appendage to the next edition. Also, the estimate of the value of the 'Political' officers given in the book is pitched somewhat high and might be revised on a suitable occasion. George Broadfoot's letters, for example, show these officials in a somewhat different light, for they were not all Lawrences and Nicholsons and Abbotts. Still, what do these small points matter? This is a good book and worthy of its subject, and what could anybody say of it better than that?

**Adult Education in Practice.** Edited by Robert Peers Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

This work, which from its title might be expected to be a critical exposition, turns out to be purely descriptive. In the preface it is stated that the volume was compiled as a successor to an unambitious booklet published some years ago to guide novices about to engage in adult teaching. But what was appropriate and useful in a pamphlet is in danger of sounding stodgy and pretentious when spun out into a full-sized book, especially when one-third of that book consists of reprints of official regulations and prospectuses which are easily accessible elsewhere at nominal cost. A strictly limited interpretation is put upon the 'adult education' described in the eleven chapters which form the original portions of the book. These are all contributed by heads of university extra-mural departments, and reflect the more academic and less popular aspects of Adult Education. No note of doubt as to the value of the work done or methods employed creeps in; no writer asks why the constituency of adult classes remains so small; no lessons are drawn from the experience of other broadly educational agencies, such as the press, wireless, cinema, and so forth. In fact, what this volume lacks is any underlying philosophy of adult education, without which readers may find they have only the dry bones given them, out of which no true picture of the living being can be constructed.

## *A New Life of the Kaiser*

**Fabulous Monster.** By J. D. Chamier. Arnold. 15s.

IT IS PART OF THE PENALTY which Royal Persons have to pay for the royalty in which they delight that their reputations are pretty sure to be distorted and exaggerated. If they lead virtuous and religious lives they are canonised as saints; if they wage successful wars they are hailed as the Great; if they live to old age, they are regarded as storehouses of wisdom; and if they fail, like King John, or Bloody Mary, or King James II—they are denounced, not always perhaps unjustly, as monsters of folly and wickedness. But the author of this well-written and well-documented biography of the late Emperor William II, whom we now call the ex-Kaiser, has no difficulty whatever in showing that the obloquy that was heaped upon him as the result of the War was mostly quite unmerited; that he was not only no monster, but a highly virtuous and well-meaning man, endowed with an intelligence far above that of most crowned heads, and with a splendid flow of energy and courage. Even the charges against him of egotism and vanity—though here the author does not claim entire exemption—have, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated.

But with all his gifts and opportunities what a complete and tragic failure his life has been! On June 15, 1888, when he succeeded to the throne, he was a man in the prime of life, and Germany was nearly at the height of her fame and prosperity. From the first he became, and remained for nearly thirty years, the most conspicuous figure in Europe; accepting eagerly and without misgiving, the greatness that was thrust upon him. On November 28, 1918, when he signed his abdication, Europe had been impoverished and devastated by four disastrous years of war, Germany was helpless and defeated, and his own reputation utterly gone. To represent the ex-Kaiser as solely or

mainly responsible for so much unhappiness and misery is clearly absurd, but it is hardly less absurd to pretend, as the author of this book seems inclined to do, that he was merely the victim of circumstances, the innocent scapegoat for the sins of a wicked world. Take the single question of the relations between Germany and England, with which a great deal of the book is inevitably occupied. It is not difficult now to see that if it was ever possible to preserve the peace of Europe, it could only have been done by establishing a good understanding between these two great nations, and that the ex-Kaiser was probably in a better position than any other man then living to contribute to this desirable end. He was already half-English; England as he used to say, was his second home; and he had no doubt a genuine admiration for many of our English ways. But while in Germany he passed as dangerously 'Anglophile', in England he succeeded, by a series of tactless blunders, in arousing widespread hostility. He was not, so we are told, the original author of the Kruger telegram—one of the most mischievous messages ever sent—but he signed it and agreed to its dispatch. So also at Agadir, and in the Algeiras Conference—not to speak of his personal relations with King Edward—he became one of the ingredients in the atmosphere of mutual suspicion through which two great nations, who had no substantial cause of quarrel, drifted helplessly into war. As one reads again in Mr. Chamier's interesting book the story of those unhappy years, one is driven to the conclusion that with all his brilliance, and in spite of the excellence of his intentions, the ex-Kaiser had but little of the wisdom which goes to make a great ruler.

PHILIP MORRELL



## New Short Stories

A Story Anthology. 1931—1933. Edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. Cape. 8s. 6d.

A Young Man in a Hurry. By T. O. Beachcroft. Boriswood. 7s. 6d.

More Pricks than Kicks. By Samuel Beckett. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

A MAGAZINE called *Story* was started in Vienna in 1931 by Mr. Whit Burnett and Miss Martha Foley, two American writers. Later the editorial office was transferred to Mallorca, and later still to New York. The magazine was exclusively for short stories which, the editors claim, 'had to seek publication in a foreign land', having been 'denied the shelter of print in their own country. Every one', they go on to say, 'is a good story. Not one could first be printed in the country of which its author was a native'.

The great majority of the authors represented in the present selection from *Story* are American, and the country referred to is clearly the United States. Accordingly, the book should give a very clear idea of the kind of imaginative work which cannot achieve publication in the country which in its moral and literary standards most closely resembles our own. Actually, the book does not provide a test of sufficient exactitude to be of much use. For one thing, many of the stories included could easily have found publication, on grounds of propriety, in the most respectable of American or English periodicals. One or two, again, are so pathological, and so devoid either of literary or moral significance, that it is difficult to understand on what principle they were included at all. A commentary by the editors giving the reasons why these thirty-three stories were rejected by American journals and why they were accepted by *Story* would have made this book a valuable literary document. It would have shown, I think, that the principle of selection was not essentially literary in either case: that it was thwarted by the intrusion of prejudices which are neither intelligent nor socially salutary. Nevertheless, to have shown that would have been of considerable public use.

As it is, one can make a guess at the stories which must have been refused on grounds of propriety. They are all, I think, concerned with sex. The first story in the book is about abortion. It is told very adroitly, even discreetly, and the tone throughout is unmistakably moral: if it were not for the admirable art with which the author, Miss Tess Slesinger, presents it, the story could almost be called a tract. Yet one doubts whether it would find a place in many American or English journals. The second story is about an up-to-date American factory in which a Negro, under great provocation, flings a Mulatto into a tank of boiling black enamel. This, one feels, would have no difficulty in being accepted by the most respectable American or English journal. The third story, which is by Miss Kay Boyle, is an imaginative description of the last days of D. H. Lawrence; and the only reason given for its refusal by an American editor was that it was 'too slight'. In reality it is a very touching little fragment, somewhat marred by sentimentality. These three stories give a sufficiently good idea of most of the others, which are either outspoken, or violent, or 'slight'. What is the principle by means of which all three become equally unacceptable to the ordinary journals which publish short stories? There seem to be none at all if one rules out mere commercial expedience. Outspoken stories, good and bad, are not refused publication on moral grounds any more than slight ones, but simply because it is considered commercially dangerous to shock the public. For that reason a magazine which is not run on commercial lines can obviously be of great use. It can serve moral and literary values without interference, and take nothing into account but excellence. The present volume does not give enough evidence that the editors of *Story* followed this policy; for obviously a great deal of the work in it is the result of a mere reaction against convention. There are one or two excellent stories in the book, and one of unusual beauty; but there is also a good deal of bad or undistinguished stuff, whose only merit consists in calling a spade a spade. Easily the best, in its precision of statement and purity of feeling, is 'Shepherd of the Lord', a story of Rumanian life by Peter Neagoe, which one feels might have been published in any journal which had a respect for literature. It is the only one which gives pleasure in the mere reading, and the only one from which one is tempted to quote:

Popa Anghel Boyer is shepherd of the Lord, a strong man, Popa Anghel. The peasants rise when he passes and the women kiss his large hand; the left hand pats the young woman's cheek as she bends

her forehead on his right hand. The old he blesses, laying a heavy blessing hand on their bent heads. Popa Anghel's boots are shiny and squeak proudly as the shepherd stamps along the street. When there is a wind his long moustaches are flowing streamers, black and shiny. But his spade-shaped beard, large and thick, flattens like an armour plate against his heavy chest. His long-locks fall in curls over a neck round and strong as a tree-trunk. The wide, muscle-padded shoulders carry easily Popa Anghel's head.

The whole story is written in this easy, fresh and natural prose; the dialogue is just as good and makes one realise how second-rate is the low-brow imitation Hemingway talk that appears instead in so many of the other stories. The book is worth reading for Mr. Neagoe's story alone. There is nothing else in it of the first rank, but there is much that throws light, both directly and indirectly, on contemporary American life and contemporary literary conventions. That does not justify the announcement by Mr. E. J. O'Brien on the cover that '*Story* is the most important mile-stone in American letters since *The Education of Henry Adams*, but the book is nevertheless worth reading.

The point of Mr. Beachcroft's stories depends so much on what is not said that it is easy to overlook their excellence. Drabness is one of the main impressions one receives from the fourteen stories in *A Young Man in a Hurry*, a drabness not due to lack of vigour of presentation, but rather to a deliberate damping down of emphasis. At times this produces a story perfect in its restraint and implicit suggestion such as 'Matthew's Fountain-Pen'; at others it results in a baldness which is somewhat depressing. As a pure story-teller Mr. Beachcroft is extraordinarily good; the detail is admirably just and economical; if he has a fault it is that he gives the impression of spinning his tales more as a duty than a pleasure. This is especially the case when the story is a humorous one, like 'The Fire at the Colonel's'. He is best of all in stories which are primarily neither humorous nor pathetic, but illustrate by some ordinary incident, as in 'A Young Man in a Hurry', the stubborn inconsistencies of human character, especially in English villages and small towns. These stories give an unusually subtle and yet clear impression of something amenable, civilised and yet quite unbending in the nature of the English, which is very seldom treated by imaginative writers. That is Mr. Beachcroft's domain; he is perfectly original within it; and what he has to tell us is both entertaining and instructive.

*More Pricks than Kicks* is a book very difficult to describe. It consists of a number of what may be called short stories about Belacqua, a young Dublin man. The incidents themselves do not matter much, though one of them concerns Belacqua's death. The point of the story is in the style of presentation, which is witty, extravagant and excessive. Mr. Beckett makes a great deal of everything; that is his art. Sometimes it degenerates into excellent blarney, but at its best it has an ingenuity and freedom of movement which is purely delightful. The author has been influenced by Mr. James Joyce, but the spirit in which he writes is rather that of Sterne, and he reduces everything, or raises it, as the case may be, to intellectual fantasy. He has the particularity of both writers; the toasting of a slice of bread, or the purchase and cooking of a lobster, can become matters of intellectual interest and importance to him. He gives again, like Sterne and Mr. Joyce, an intrinsic substance and style to his dialogue; and although he does not nearly come up to them, he does give us the feeling that his dialogue could go on for ever, and thus calls up a prospect of endless diversion. The whole book is somewhat like extremely good and calculated and quite impossible talk; it wanders round the subject and delights us with its wanderings. These divagations are in reality an exploration of a subtle and entertaining mind which is carried out with great wit, and is very much worth following.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Darkening Green*, by Compton Mackenzie (Cassell); *Corporal Tune*, by L. A. G. Strong (Gollancz); *Strip Jack Naked*, by John Hampson (Heinemann); and *Duel*, by Ronald Fangen (Lovat Dickson)—the last 8s. 6d., the others 7s. 6d. each.